

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

AMONG the carefully-selected books put into our hands by a now sainted mother, was Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters to Young Ladies." We were then midway in our teens—at that most impressible and momentarily interesting age, when the mind, as yet undismayed by its own narrow limits, its

sluggishness and irresolution, feels the conscious pulsings of a higher intellectual life, and reaches forth with a boundless yearning toward all Beauty and Perfection. It was at this period of our life, when hope and courage were as infinite as our longings, that we read and pondered the excellent work to

which we have referred. And it made its impression, showing us that while we stood gazing into the heavens, idly craving an unattainable perfection, the precious and returnless hours of seed-sowing were slipping — the *best* days for storing the memory, acquiring order, method, and correct mental habits, enlarging all the faculties, and cultivating the higher graces of the heart. It made us aspire to be something better and nobler than we were, and assisted to give strength and direction to our aims for self-improvement; and we have ever since felt that we owed a debt of gratitude to its author.

The leading features in the life of this now venerable lady have been often traced. We might, had we leave, recite incidents from her private history, which greatly endears her to her large circle of friends, but we would be the last to invade that sanctuary of domestic and sacred life, which is not less sacred to a woman of talent and distinction, than to her more obscure sister.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney was born in Norwich, Ct., in the year 1791. Her father had fought the battles of his country in the Revolutionary struggle, and was a man of great moral probity and exalted Christian character. Her mother was a woman of superior attractions, both personal and mental; from her this only and cherished daughter inherited some of her choicest characteristics.

Lydia's childhood was well ordered. Not only were lessons of piety and virtue carefully instilled by her parents, but she was carried through a very thorough *home education* by her mother, who was a superior housekeeper, and an adept in all domestic arts. The knowledge and practical skill which the daughter acquired under that mother's eye have never deserted her, and those who are familiar with her home, and have witnessed the exquisite order of her house affairs, will never accuse her of having neglected her "woman's sphere" for the fascinating pursuits of literature.

The mind of this favored child opened with unusual promise. At the age of three she read with so much ease and correctness that it was a pleasure to listen, and at seven she composed little songs, which she carefully concealed. Such infant compositions, though by no means so decisive of genius as partial friends are apt to imagine, show that the faculty of verse is as natural as speech, and should never be meddled with either by way of stimulus or repression. If it be genuine poetic impulse and inspiration — if it have skill to utter the sacred harmonies of our nature, there is no fear but it will in due time find voice and make itself heard; otherwise let it pass away with childish things.

The affectionate tenderness of Miss Huntley's parents, provided for her the best instruction which her native State afforded nearly half a century since. She was also fortunate in securing an appreciatory friend and counselor in Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., of Hartford. With a disinterestedness and generosity which we wish might be more frequently emulated by gentlemen of wealth and position, he took the young girl under his fostering care, and placed her in a situation in which her talents were most kindly developed.

Why have we not more of these blessed Macenas'es, who will grasp the hand of some youth of genius in his *great essay*, with warm, strong clasp, and thus bind him to himself by an imperishable gratitude? — who knows but he may find his own name linked with a renown which shall survive when his marble palaces and stately monument shall have crumbled back to dust?

On the completion of her school education, which she pursued with characteristic ardor and thoroughness, Miss Huntley engaged in teaching. She sought this office from no sordid motives. Even in childhood her dreams had not been altogether of fairy lands, enamored knights, and jeweled robes; her Utopia had been one of busy

usefulness, with loyal pupils for subjects, and a school-room for audience chamber. She regarded the vocation of teacher as the second post of dignity and honor in the gradation of God's gifts to woman, yielding only to the more sacred and intimate relations of the family; and she wrought in it, not as an hireling who counts toil against wages, but as a dresser of plants in the garden of her Lord. With such exalted views of her office, Miss Huntley was no drill-sergeant of literature, nor were the young ladies entrusted to her mere mumblers of text-books; but a circle of influences was started between teacher and pupils, which electrified them with a higher life, and made them better wives, and better mothers, to the next generation.

The union of Miss Huntley in 1819 with Charles Sigourney, Esq., of Hartford, closed her brief career as teacher, and deprived her sex of one eminently qualified to lead that great educational movement in which Misses Grant and Lyon, and Mrs. Willard have won such Christian distinction.

By her marriage, Mrs. Sigourney became mistress of an elegant home, the center of a cultivated social circle, and the possessor of wealth and leisure. Surrounded by many allurements to luxurious repose, she did not yield to its seductions, nor enslave her soul to fashion. The love of intellectual pursuits was a *well-spring* which kept her higher life in perpetual vigor and greenness. She had now time to walk in those pleasant fields of poesy, where she had enjoyed her sweetest pastime ever since her infancy. A collection of her early fugitive poetry had been issued in 1815, and was favorably noticed by the press. In 1822 she published her first extended poem, entitled "Traits of the Aborigines of America."

Since this period nearly forty years have elapsed, and Mrs. Sigourney is still fresh in authorships. More than fifty volumes have issued from her pen. In looking through the catalogue of

this library of books — a noteworthy and very surprising collection when viewed as a mere feat of female literary labor — we feel forcibly that through all those years of intellectual effort, commencing in girlhood, and touching now on three score and ten, one great ruling idea has dwelt in the mind and heart of this authoress — *usefulness — consecration*. More compelling than the sorcery of ambition, more animating than the flatteries of friendship, is the solemn, indwelling voice, "What can'st thou do for thy Lord?" In response to this, and not in a miserable struggle after the poor husks of fame, Mrs. Sigourney has toiled thus assiduously to multiply the talents entrusted to her.

Almost all her works have a direct moral aim. "Traits of the Aborigines," mentioned above, seeks to interest us in the character of our native tribes, and thus awaken a tender compassion for their cruel fate. Many of her early volumes were compiled for the instruction of the young, and one of her last productions, "Sayings of the Little Ones," returns to the same affectionate theme. One or two volumes are dedicated to mothers, one to sisters, another to "Young Ladies," and another to sailors. "Water Drops" is a valuable contribution to the cause of temperance.

It is in "Christian Elegy," that Mrs. Sigourney has won her best laurels. The tenderness and delicacy of her woman's heart, particularly fit her to mingle her tears with those that weep. To how many darkened households has she shown the merciful "Bow," gilding the withdrawing cloud? How many weeping Marys has she taken by the hand, and pointed to the stone rolled away from the sepulchre? Over how many graves of missionary and Christian heroes, has she raised a monument of song? One affecting "In Memoriam," "The Faded Hope," she rears to her own dead, as she lays in the grave that only son upon whom she had hoped to lean as upon a "Beautiful Staff," in

her trembling age. Surely poetry has attained one of its noblest ends, when it has associated—the cross and the “glory to be revealed,” with the chill and fearful darkness of the tomb.

A friend of ours, always persists in calling “Past Meridian” “Mrs. Sigourney’s De Senectute,” for what resemblance beyond that of subjects, we are unable to determine. Certainly, there is little resemblance in the ground of that fortitude, which each would inculcate under the burdens and infirmities of age. The hoary Roman finds no better balsam for the wounds of time, than a philosophic endurance of necessary evils, while the Christian Poetess sees in Gilead a balm even for the stroke of the Destroyer, and a glory streaming over whitened heads of those who stand nearest the grave.

We have not half glanced at the calendar of Mrs. Sigourney’s books, nor did we sit down to write a criticism upon them. Probably she has gleaned her glebe too frequently, *always* to bring beaten wheat into the garner—certainly too often for her literary fame; but we do not believe this has ever been a ruling motive with Mrs. Sigourney. It was not for this, that she dropped her quiet ministries of sympathy into the bosoms of so many bereaved ones, and mused on the Divine Word, till thought and feeling overflowed in devotional song; nor for this, that she chose the subjects of her prose compositions so remote from the *popular* themes of the day.

Next to their direct bearing on Christian usefulness and devotion, the most marked characteristic of Mrs. Sigourney’s writings, is their *extreme purity*. It is a purity which comes from a clean heart and an untainted imagination, which clothes itself in chaste words and delicate imagery from a moral *necessity*, and rejects their opposite, without thought or effect—a purity symbolized by the most spotless things of nature—the dew on the lily, the snow-white dove, and mountain stream-

lets springing from granite rocks. And is not this same spirit a marked and delightful feature in our present female literature, and one which especially commends it to our youth? What sweeter authors, or better suited to form pure and healthful tastes, can we choose for the libraries of our children, than Hemans, Mitford, Howitt, and our own charming Miss Cooper.

A new and modest volume has just issued from the indefatigable pen of Mrs. Sigourney. “Lucy Howard’s Journal” is very favorably noticed by the press, and justly so. It is not a book of vapid confessions, morbid piety, or diseased analysis of the human heart, as such journals are apt to be—a most pernicious species of composition, especially for conscientious young persons living much in retirement. If such find any pleasure in noting down their mental phenomena, their inward struggles, trials, and conquests, we would advise them to make the record in the morning, when their minds have been brought into a healthful state by sleep, and an animating walk in God’s living, rejoicing universe. But such a journal as Lucy Howard kept from childhood, recording, for the most part, facts and incidents, rather than feelings, would be an excellent exercise, and furnish a fund of pleasant reminiscences to fall back upon in old age, and a delightful bequest for grandchildren.

In the story before us, the character of the heroine, Lucy, is very sweetly drawn, and we can not help thinking that in its tenderness, delicacy, and elevation, Mrs. Sigourney has unconsciously drawn herself. In the form of a diary Lucy tells us the quiet story of her life, describing her happy New England childhood; her school triumphs; friendships; the beautiful sympathy existing between her and her mother; love; marriage; the babe-hood of her boy; the rude little cabin in the west; privations cheerfully borne; sunny-haired Willie laid tearfully to sleep beneath the fresh turf of

the prairie; the wilderness tamed, and the sacred institutions of the old home rooted at length in the new; and, finally, the bereaved husband, in a few brief sentences, seals up the papers of his dead young wife:

"Who can realize that to her home, where she was the tutinary spirit of gladness, she returned no more? Instead of that sweet voice, the echo of the soul's harmony, instead of the holy hymn at morn and eventide, is the wail of two new-born infants, left by the angel for her heavenward flight. * * * She lingered not to press the mother's kiss on these innocent twins. For her the parting scene had no terror. She saw in death only the moment when the soul draws near to its father, the stream returns to its Source."

Mrs. Sigourney still resides at Hartford, and although advanced in years, continues to employ her talents and her wealth in every good work. She is warmly interested in every philanthropic and educational movement, and an active manager of the society for sending teachers to the West. Late may the heavens receive her!

[We append to Mrs. Halbert's sketch of her whom we so much revere and love, the following poem, which she has recently sent us for "THE HOME." We are already familiar with the story of this only son, in the little work which she has devoted to his memory, and this touching tribute to the early called—"last of his house and name," will be perused with no little interest by our readers.—ED.]

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

The beautiful! the gone before!
Whose infancy of love,
Was like a messenger from God
To win our thoughts above;
Whose tiny hand made burdens light,
Whose smile extinguished care,
The pressure of whose velvet lip
Made rayless midnight fair.

The beautiful! the gone before!
Last of our house and name,
The echo of whose step could make
All other music tame;
Upon whose youthful arm I lean'd
(Forgive me, Lord!) with pride,
To whose blue eyes I turned for joy,
If all were dark beside.

The gone before! the beautiful!
I must not wildly sigh,
Even though the life-blood of the soul
Is oozing through the eye;
But take Heaven's discipline in love,
And meekly bow the head,
Although the hearth and heart are lone,
And earthly hope lies dead.

The gone before! the beautiful!
Is it their voice we hear?—
"Waste not your time for us to mourn,
Whose meeting is so near;
Even now, the rustling of our wings
Doth swell the zephyr's voice,—
Upon our glittering robes ye tread—
Look heavenward, and rejoice."

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, Jan. 23d, 1858.

GROWING OLD.

BY MARY LA MARK.

"Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be brighter when youth is past."
MRS. OSGOOD.

"OH, dear!" said Mrs. Hinman, as she turned from the mirror before which she was standing, busily engaged in arranging the curls of her beautiful brown hair. "What shall I do, dear cousin? what *shall* I do? There is a hair in one of my ringlets almost as white as snow!"

"Why, Ellen!" said her cousin, Mary Stevens, as she looked up from the magazine which she was perusing; "you appear as horrified as though you had seen a ghost!"

"And have not I?" said Mrs. Hinman, as she drew a long, white hair from one of her curls, and held it up to her cousin's view, exclaiming, "Ghost of departed Beauty!"

"You do not imagine that to be the result of age," said Mary, as she arose and smoothed the ringlet from which her cousin had taken the unconscious object of her indignation. Then, pointing to the mirror, she added,

"Surely that face can not fail to contradict all such false witnesses against you."

"No! I am not very old as yet," said Mrs. Hinman, seating herself on the sofa near her cousin; "but I am growing old so very rapidly it almost frightens me. Since my eighteenth birthday, the years have seemed to pass away with railroad speed, and now I am almost twenty-one. I can hardly realize it. If Time does not stay its rapid flight, I shall soon be transformed into that pitiable object, an 'old woman.'"

"How very strangely you talk, cousin!" said Mary. "Why do you say 'pitiable object?' Is not there much more to admire than to pity in age?"

"You may see it so," said Mrs. Hinman; "but the views we take of life must ever be as different as the eyes through which we look. Yours are so light and sunny that they seem to possess the power of sending their rays far into the future, and shedding light upon imaginary objects in the distance, while mine are so dark, as often to throw a shadow over the present."

"A pleasant enough compliment," said Mary; "but hardly merited. The eyes of the mind, may not always be of the tinge of the windows through which they look. I am thinking of a pair of eyes much darker than my fair cousin's, which are full of the light of hope notwithstanding, and are looking forward to the same future toward which mine are directed." The roses deepened on Mary's cheeks, as her gay cousin regarded her with a look of mingled admiration and pity.

"I only hope," said Mrs. Hinman, "that your bright dreams of the future may be realized. Else your life will be a sad failure — for you are determined not to enjoy and improve the present."

"Are you not a little severe in your censures?" said Mary; "I assure you, I am enjoying the present very much, and as for my improving

it, must not the sin of some of my wasted hours be charged to my cousin Ellen's account? Who is it that locks the library, spills my ink, loses my pencils, hides my work-box, and ingeniously manages to thwart all my plans of industry and usefulness? Ah, Ellen!"

"You are so singular!" said Mrs. Hinman; "if I did not love you so well, I should often think you stupid. I do not know but you will be so, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. What is the use of spending all the precious hours of youth, in preparing for an uncertain future? Why will you waste your evenings, and spoil your eyes in poring over those stupid books, when you might, with a little effort, and such aid as is at your service, be the reigning belle of the season — make a score of conquests, and break a dozen hearts. Only think of it. I do think it is a sin to bury your talents, and waste your time as you do!"

"My time would be worse than wasted, I fear," said Mary, "in trying to gratify you by mingling much in gay society. I have very little taste for fashionable pleasures, or desire to possess the rather questionable honor of being the belle of a gay circle; and as for conquering hearts, my conscience and Edward's face would rise up to forbid it. I am now so fortunate, as to be known and loved by a few kind, warm-hearted friends. With these I am content, and these I hope, will not forsake me, when the charms of youth have fled, and gray hairs begin to tinge my temples."

"Well, cousin," said Mrs. Hinman, "I believe you are incorrigible. Doubtless lovers and consciences are about equally troublesome, though, fortunately, I was never much embarrassed by the latter article. But I must stop talking with you. I fear if I indulge in such conversations, that I shall be in danger of becoming 'strong-minded.' This would be a dreadful dilemma for a woman of my

style! I am sure no one could rightfully accuse me of this now, for it always tires me to talk sense. I really believe these efforts are what is turning my hair gray! Don't you coy?"

"You are in such a bantering mood, I hardly know what to answer you," said Mary. "It is a comforting thought, however, that if reflection makes the hair prematurely gray, it also prepares us to wear gray hair gracefully."

"Very little grace in gray hairs at best," said Mrs. Hinman. "Seriously, cousin, I do not like to think, or talk about growing old. The idea is dreadful to me."

"The heart need not grow old," said Mary; "it may retain its freshness, and beauty, and love, and constantly make advances in all the good graces, which adorn the woman and the Christian."

"But who appreciates the graces," said Mrs. Hinman, "when their possessor is in the 'sere and yellow leaf?'"

"All," said Mary, "who have an eye to discern, and a heart to love the beautiful and the good."

"Beautiful forsooth!" said Mrs. Hinman, tossing her curls.

"Yes, cousin," said Mary; "I think age may be very beautiful. Like the seasons of the year, each period of human life has a distinct beauty of its own. One of our poets, of whom you were last evening speaking in tones of admiration, has aptly said:

*'Youth hath its beauty, tress, and smile,
And cheek of glowing ray;
They charm the admiring eye awhile,
Then fade, and fleet away;
But age, with heaven-taught wisdom crowned,
That waits its Father's will,
And walks in love with all around,
Hath higher beauty still.'*

"That is just like you, Mary," said Mrs. Hinman; "the prosy passages of an author which I always overlook, you are sure to commit to memory. You are so exactly like brother Ed Hinman, it is a great pity you should be so long separated. Why did you consent to his going west? He was very well located here in the city, was he

not? You should have insisted upon his staying here. I would not go west to please the best man living, not if he were a thousand times my husband. But to allow a lover to leave in this way! It is absolutely shocking!"

"Edward is ambitious to excel in his profession," said Mary; "and I would not willingly interpose an obstacle in his way to success, or interfere with his plans in the least. Indeed, I have not the least inclination to do so, as I most cordially approve of the course he is taking. He would doubtless easily earn a livelihood here in the city; but he thinks there is a larger field of usefulness and prosperity open to him in the west."

"It is too selfish in him," said Mrs. Hinman, "to ask you to go there. While he may possibly rise to distinction, you must sink into obscurity. Your charms will not appear to as good advantage by the light of a tallow candle, as in our beautifully illuminated drawing-rooms; and as for your studying to become so vastly sensible, you will find few capable of appreciating your learning among the wolverines, hoosiers, and natives of the west."

"I shall be content with Edward's appreciation," said Mary; "and the people of the west may not be quite as uncultivated as you apprehend. If they are, it is the more necessary that some scholarly persons should go among them as educators."

"A missionary, indeed!" cried Mrs. Hinman; "a school-teacher perhaps! What an idea!" and she clapped her little jeweled hands, and laughed right merrily.

"It is an idea, which does not appear to me to be either impracticable or ludicrous," said Mary; "and I hope you may yet think more favorably of it."

"You know, my dear," said Mrs. Hinman, "that I am seldom guilty of thinking at all, and as for sending my thoughts to the 'far west,' it would be impossible; but here comes Mr.

Hinman. Do not, I pray, speak to him of Edward's plans. I fear he would approve them, and wish to follow. I have no desire to be one of those who must

—'blush unseen,
And wash their fragrance on the desert air.'

I would as soon not live at all as to be doomed to such obscurity."

So saying, Mrs. Hinman arose to open the door for her husband, while Mary stepped into the library to finish reading the article in which she had become interested when Mrs. Hinman's frightful vision of a gray hair had interrupted her.

These ladies, though so dissimilar in their tastes, habits, and manner of thinking, had long been warmly attached and confidential friends. Each saw in the other much to admire and to love, though neither corresponded with the other's ideal of womanly excellence. Their intimacy arose partly from the relation they sustained to each other, as they were cousins. Partly, perhaps, from that principle in nature which inclines opposites to each other, but more from the fact that Mrs. Hinman's husband and Mary Steven's lover were twin brothers.

Three years before the commencement of our story, Ellen came to the city to spend the holidays with her cousin, Mary Stevens. Here she first met Mr. Henry Hinman. An introduction — an attachment — an engagement, and a wedding followed each other in rapid succession, and Ellen became Mrs. Henry Hinman, quite to the satisfaction of her cousin and her friends generally.

At the time of Henry Hinman's marriage, he and his twin brother, Edward, were students in one of the first law-offices in the city, and were nearly prepared for admission to the bar. The talents, energy, and persevering industry of these brothers gave high promise for the future, and they were happy in the hope of soon becoming honorable and useful members of the legal profession. They had

chosen the study of the law from the love of it, and their interest in this study increased in the ratio of their advancement.

Henry realized that his marriage would be some interruption to his studies. But his Ellen's home was in a distant town, and how could they be so far separated until he should become established in the practice of his profession? They would be happier together — then why delay their union? Thus they reasoned, and thus they acted, and hastened to take those vows which death alone can sever.

Social greetings exchanged, pleasure excursions ended, and the honey-moon passed, young Mr. and Mrs. Hinman took rooms in a pleasant and comfortable boarding-house, not far from her uncle Stevens'. Henry again found his way to the office, where, early and late, he applied himself assiduously to the study of his chosen profession. His industry was rather stimulated than lessened by the idea that he now sustained the responsible relation of a husband. His heart was gladdened and his courage strengthened by the love of his darling Ellen, and he daily blessed the hour which made her his own.

Ellen loved her husband to the extent of her ability, and in this love she was for a time very happy. Though a stranger to labor, or exertion of any kind, she resolved to imitate his example of industry, and to become a very quiet, industrious, and exemplary wife. To this end she collected together a quantity of muslin, lace, floss-working, cotton, and various patterns for embroidery, and sought to revive this, to her, almost forgotten art. She labored, for a time, very diligently, and had the satisfaction of hearing her husband praise her work as being very neatly executed.

When Henry returned from his office one day, he found Mrs. Hinman very busily engaged in stitching away on her embroidery as usual. On taking up a magazine which lay on the table with its leaves uncut, he

ventured to suggest a fear that she was becoming so much devoted to her work as to deprive herself of the privilege of reading.

"No very great deprivation," said Mrs. Hinman; "I never cared much for reading." Observing that her husband looked surprised and hurt at this remark, she added, with a meaning smile: "Especially since my acquaintance with Mr. Hinman, for I can think of him better when engaged with a needle than with a book."

This explanation quite satisfied him, as it should any reasonable man, and he repaid her for her compliment by a shower of kisses.

As twilight deepened, and Mr. and Mrs. Hinman were sitting very cozily by the grate, a gentle tap was heard at their door, and Mary Stevens entered.

"Bless your dear sunny face," said Mrs. Hinman; "I am very happy indeed to see you."

"Really, you are looking quite lover-like here in the twilight," said Mary; "I am sorry to intrude."

"No intrusion," said Mr. Hinman.

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Hinman. "We are always glad to see you. But, pray, tell us where you have been, looking so wondrous meek? You have not been calling, or shopping in that plain dress. Really, it becomes you though. But if you were a stranger, I should almost take you for a quakeress, or an old-fashioned Methodist!"

"I have been on an errand," said Mary, "which I think either sect you mention would not disapprove, if we may judge by their example. I have been out in the by-lanes and alleys. This cold weather makes me think of the poor. There seems to be more suffering among them now than there was in the early part of the winter."

"Are you not enough importuned by beggars at home," said Mrs. Hinman, "without going out in search of them?"

"I think," said Mary, "this is almost the only way in which we can

be of much service to the poor. There is so much imposition practiced by the lower classes. We must go to their homes and ascertain who really is sick, helpless, and needy, in order to rightly bestow our charities."

"It must be very trying to the sensibilities," said Mrs. Hinman, "to go among those poor, distressed, degraded ones."

"Not an unwholesome discipline, however," said Mary. "It makes us better appreciate the blessings we enjoy, and keeps down a repining spirit. Besides, we may form some interesting acquaintances among them, and learn some very touching histories. I find there are many very worthy poor. It is a great pleasure for me to be among them. A little aid, and a few kind encouraging words often does them so much good. If you will go with me some time, I will introduce you to some of the poor families I visit this winter. You have so much leisure that you will be able to see them often."

"Indeed, you must excuse me, cousin," said Mrs. Hinman. "I have very little leisure, as I am trying to do all my own embroidery."

Mary felt shocked and grieved at her cousin's reply. She thought it unnecessary to say any thing further on the subject, and she arose to leave.

"Must you go so soon?" said Mrs. Hinman.

"It will be necessary for me to go," said Mary, "as I promised brother Willie that I would read Shakspeare with him this evening."

"I am going to the office, and will see you home," said Mr. Hinman.

Mary thanked him, and they started out. Mrs. Hinman stepped to the door, saying:

"You will remember the concert to-night, Henry. Try if you can not persuade Mary to go with us."

"Thank you!" said Mary. "My engagements at home will not permit me to go out this evening. Brother Willie is too fond of spending his

evenings from home. I must help mamma teach him to stay at home, by trying to make home pleasant to him."

"You are very considerate," said Mr. Hinman. "I wish—" but the sentence died upon his lips, and Mary could only conjecture what it might have been he wished. There are so many things one might wish for.

They pursued the remainder of their way in silence. Mary, thinking of the suffering ones whom she had that afternoon seen, and wondering whether her cousin thought that in the day of final account, when Jesus should say, "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and ye visited me not"—that such an excuse as she had that evening offered would be a valid one—whether she thought then to say, "Lord, I tried to do all my own embroidery."

Extend your charity, Mary. Your cousin does not think upon this subject at all. She has not, like you, been properly trained to think. The mothers who watched over your childhood and youth are very unlike. "Charity thinketh no evil."

"Well, Edward," said Henry, as he entered the office, "I must be out again this evening. These wives are rather troublesome affairs, are not they?"

"Can not tell," said Edward, "never having had any experience."

"I always supposed a sweetheart to be more exacting than a wife," said Henry, "which does not seem to be true with us."

"Mary does not care to go out a great deal," said Edward. "She spends many of her evenings in reading with her brother and sister. Then they sometimes have charming little musical concerts of their own. Mary and her brother Willie are engaged in studying the German, and are making considerable progress. Here is a copy of Schiller which I have been getting for them. I must try to take time to present it this evening. It

will be pleasant to join their reading circles when they get to translating it. Mary will appreciate this author so well, and Willie is by no means stupid."

"Mr. Stevens has a delightful family," said Henry. "But I must haste and be off."

So saying, he carefully gathered together some papers which he had intended to review that evening, replaced them in a drawer, and went out; while Edward proceeded to the investigation of a case which he was intrusted to defend.

"Dear Henry," said Mrs. Hinman to her husband, as he returned from his office one evening, "I am tired of this kind of life. Are not you?"

"Why so, my pet?" said Mr. Hinman.

"It is so intolerably dull," said Mrs. Hinman, "I do not like boarding; I wish we could go to house-keeping. Can we not, Henry?"

"Do you think you would be happier, dear?" said Mr. Hinman. "You would have more care, and less leisure."

"We might entertain more company," said Mrs. Hinman, "and might certainly rise in public estimation. At least, I should, in my own opinion, stand ten degrees higher up the social scale. I hardly feel as though I had an independent existence here."

"I fear," said Mr. Hinman, "that we are hardly able to support such a style as would correspond with your ideas of living."

"We might support a very comfortable style of living," said Mrs. Hinman, "and it would be so much pleasanter to have a home. You can soon open an office, when, I predict, you will have a very lucrative practice. Think of it, Henry, will you, and decide upon a location soon."

"I can make no promises," said Mr. Hinman; "but I will see what can be done."

Mrs. Hinman had been accustomed

to mingling much in gay society, and receiving much attention. Her parents, though not wealthy, had always supported a good style of living. It may be thought by some, that they had, in this respect, gone beyond the limits which good judgment would dictate, as they had cultivated in their daughter a taste for those luxuries which they now found it impossible to aid her in procuring.

Henry and Edward Hinman were orphans. By an economical use of the property which their father had left them, they had been enabled to obtain an education, and were now about entering upon the practice of a profession, by which they hoped to earn an honorable and comfortable livelihood. The beautiful residences, equipages, and works of art, which they daily saw in the possession of others, did not excite their envy, but stimulated their ambition; and they resolved to labor very faithfully and earnestly to provide for themselves and their loved ones, life's comforts and luxuries, and to prepare themselves to rightly enjoy them.

Mrs. Hinman was a very fine-looking and pleasant appearing person; but she was, in many respects, quite unlike her husband. She had not sufficient cultivation or strength of mind, to fully appreciate his views or plans of life; therefore, she could not so readily second them, as she might have done, had there been between them more sympathy and unity of thought and feeling. She would sometimes make an effort to comprehend his ideas, and to enter into his plans; but, unfortunately, her efforts were always of a spasmodic character. Her mind had no self-sustaining power, and her judgment was untaught.

Mrs. Hinman soon found a very neat residence in a pleasant part of the city, which the owner and present occupant wished to sell. She very earnestly urged her husband to make the purchase. Though he felt many misgivings, his affections, and desire

to please his wife, finally prevailed over his better judgment. The residence was purchased, and furnished quite to her taste, and she was for a time, happy in the possession of so desirable a home.

Mrs. Hinman, with beauty, accomplishments, tact, respectable connections, and apparent wealth to aid her, soon found her way into society, and obtained what some considered, an enviable position. Her receptions were well attended, her calls numerous, and her invitations abundant, to which she seldom sent "regrets." She was pleased with this manner of life, and seemingly incapable of calculating its cost, pecuniarily, morally, and mentally. She did not realize that they were in a manner, wasting the spring, the seed-time of life; did not consider that the immortal faculties of the never-dying mind, seldom receive much wholesome discipline by these fashionable frivolities.

Mr. Hinman entered upon the practice of his profession, full of hope and expectation. For a time, though he did not quite personate the "Briefless Barrister," business did not come in as he hoped it would. This was on some accounts favorable, as his social and professional engagements came in collision less frequently than they otherwise would have done. He soon found that his accounts of debit and credit would not balance well, there was constantly such a preponderance of the former. But he hoped and labored on, striving to establish a reputation that would bring in clients. His efforts were not always crowned with the greatest success, if we may take his good lady's wishes as a standard by which to measure his success.

He was beginning to yield somewhat to feelings of discouragement, when an old acquaintance and friend of his father's, the proprietor of a commercial house in the city, offered him a situation. Having great confidence in Henry Hinman's integrity and ability, and wishing him to fill a

place of responsibility and trust, he made him a very advantageous offer.

Mr. Hinman hesitated. How could he give up his profession even for a limited time? But he clearly saw that either one or the other *must* be given up; his profession, or his establishment on . . . street. For himself, the latter would hardly have been a sacrifice. But he thought of the loved one, whom he feared could not be happy in a more humble home, and accepted his friend's offer.

In the meantime, his brother Edward remained in the office with his tutor, about a year after his admission to the bar. He labored faithfully for the interests of his employer, and received a liberal reward for his industry, both in the knowledge and experience thus gained, and in the more substantial aid, which was not stintingly bestowed. He thought this preparatory trial of his strength necessary, before engaging alone in the battle of life.

But the atmosphere of the city began to be oppressive to him. It seemed to him, that his faculties had not room to expand in so crowded a mart. He longed to be where he might daily behold nature in her wildest and grandest forms, unmarred by the destroying hand of man; where the pure breezes of heaven might kiss his temples, and he might listen to the choristers of the grove, as they poured forth their gushing strains of music "free and wild."

He had heard of the noble rivers, the fertile valleys, and the broad prairies of the west, of the towns and cities springing up there, as though by enchantment, and of the noble, daring, and enterprising spirits there congregating. He longed to join those brave pioneers, and share their labors, enjoyments, and successes. He would there feel a greater freedom of thought and action; would not be fettered by the unmeaning conventionalities of the city. He would make him a home in one of those thriving little towns, where he might grow up, as it were,

into wealth and consideration with the place. Should he fail, it would be from no want of energy and persevering industry on his part.

He spoke of this matter to his Mary. She at once entered into his plans with spirit and animation. She was aware, that they must experience the privations and perplexities incident to a residence in a new country, and among strangers; but she possessed a heroic spirit, which would not timidly shrink from undertaking any laudable enterprise. She was willing to accompany him at once, and share his labors and his fortunes. He could not help smiling at her enthusiasm; but he regarded it as prophetic of good, as he had the greatest confidence in her judgment. He thought, however, it would be too selfish in him to accept of her too generous offer. He would first go alone to "spy out the goodly land," secure a pleasant and comfortable home, and then return for his Mary. It was during his absence, that we first introduced the ladies to the reader.

* * * * *

Edward was successful in finding a location in the west quite to his liking. After making several purchases, among which was a neat little cottage in the flourishing village of C. . . ., he returned to claim his bride. A select party were assembled at the residence of Mr. Stevens, when Mary and Edward were united in the holy bands of wedlock; then, bidding adieu to their kindred and friends, they departed toward the setting sun. In due time they reached their western home, with which they were equally delighted.

Twenty years have passed away, and brought with them many changes—brought these fair young cousins up the hill of life to the mature age of forty. Edward Hinman's home is still in C. . . ., where he first located. But a stranger would hardly recognize the

place. The unpretending little village has become a flourishing city, noted alike for its beauty and advantageous situation. Mr. Hinman's little cottage has given place to a princely mansion, graced by the presence of his wife, two lovely daughters, and a noble, promising son. Edward's efforts in his profession, and all his business transactions, have been almost invariably crowned with success, and he and his family are now possessing and rationally enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life. He has not only hewn out a fortune, but, by various services done his country, and the state of his adoption, he has carved a name of which his family may justly be proud.

Nor has his noble wife — his lovely Mary — been idle. Neither has she been dissipating her time, and her husband's money, in pursuit of pleasure; but she has found her greatest pleasure in the path of duty. In endeavoring to be useful, to advance her husband's interests, she has most effectually secured her own. By acts of kindness and benevolence, and by well-directed efforts for the good of others, she has gained the love and esteem of her numerous acquaintances, and a high consideration by the community generally; while her meekness and unaffected humility has secured her from envy and malicious detraction. Her cousin spoke a prophecy when she told her she would be a "Missionary and a Teacher." She has been a minister of good to all within the sphere of her influence. She has not buried the talents which in her early school-days she labored so hard to acquire, but has used them faithfully, and added thereto many other talents. She is not one of those ladies who think the issues of their destiny decided on their wedding-day, but she believes rather that it will require the best and noblest energies of her life to solve its problems rightly. She has assiduously sought to cultivate her mind, to strengthen her memory, and to perfect herself in those

feminine accomplishments which contribute so much to the amenities of life. While she has performed her home duties well, she has enriched our literature by many a gem of thought.

She has lost some of her youthful charms. But other graces have been added of a higher and nobler kind. The carnation and lily have faded from her face, and her eyes have no longer their former bewitching twinkle of youthfulness and vivacity. But in place of these lost charms is an almost radiant expression of intelligence and womanly affection, that all can at once read, and can not fail to understand. It is indeed the work of time, the impress of well-spent years. Shall we not call her beautiful? To do otherwise would be to expose a gross and uncultivated taste, though her beauty may not be of a kind that an artist would readily transcribe on his canvas.

"We've gazed on many a brighter face,
But ne'er on one, for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers.
But who can paint the spell that wove
A brightness round the whole?
'T would take an angel from the skies
To paint the immortal soul —
To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The Spirit sparkling o'er the face."

Her cousin Ellen — where is she? She is still living in the city where we left her twenty years ago, in a smaller, but more showy appearing house than the one she then occupied. Her husband is a confidential clerk in a commercial house, and is receiving a respectable salary. When he first accepted a clerkship, he thought it was only a temporary expedient, and that, when his debts were once canceled, he would return to his professional duties. But he soon found that to support the style of living that he had commenced, would require all his salary, and more. What then was he to do — curtail his family expenses, or bid a final adieu to his profession? Ellen would not listen for one moment to the former, while he could not think of deciding on the latter alternative. So, he labored on year after

year, hoping against hope, until his knowledge of the chosen profession was almost lost, and he remembered the hopes and aspirations of his early manhood, only as the vague fancies of a pleasing but half-forgotten dream. Necessity constantly urged him on, and he found no leisure to give his professional talents a fair trial. It is a beautiful provision of nature that the mind will, after a time, adapt itself to almost any manner of life. When Henry Hinman saw that there seemed to be no alternative, he gradually, almost insensibly, gave up the idea of ever returning to his profession, and became, in a manner, reconciled to his condition. Year after year he labored on, his income gradually increasing, but never, to any good degree, extending his expenses.

And how has his Ellen repaid him for the sacrifices he has made for her sake — the sacrifice of all his most cherished plans of life? It has been by making a constant effort, not so much to *live*, in the true sense of the word, as to appear to the world to *live*. By constantly trying to support a style to which her talents and her husband's means were altogether inadequate. She has sacrificed comfort to appearance — has bartered her husband's happiness for the idle remark and admiration of strangers — neglected her family that she might attend places of fashionable amusement, and wickedly wasted the time which God has given her, in a sort of aimless, busy idleness, without any settled plans of life, or ideas of her responsibility as a wife, a mother, and a member of society.

From a thoughtless, giddy girl, time has transformed her into a mindless woman. Her youthful charms have fled, and have not been replaced by the attractions which should accompany age. Her worst fears are realized. She is indeed that "pitiable object," a "silly old woman." Time has, upon her, made more than the usual ravages. As she has had no healthful occupation, or whole-

some stimulus of mind or body, both have become sickly and enervated. For many years she has given place to a feeling of discontent, as she has been compelled to acknowledge herself to be, like a last year's fashion, rather "gone by;" and to see the attentions which she formerly received now bestowed upon brighter stars more recently arisen. She has given place in her mind to envies and jealousies, and these hateful passions but too plainly show themselves in her face.

Having sadly failed to cultivate those graces and virtues which should adorn a woman and a Christian — now that the beauty, vivacity, and sprightliness of youth have fled — she finds herself incapable of attracting admiration, or of commanding respect. The young look not to her for counsel, or the aged for sympathy; and her husband has, all his life, felt that wish springing up in his mind, which he had once almost unwittingly expressed.

God pity her, and pity all such as are thoughtlessly following her pernicious example.

"WE like mischievous children, and for this reason: they are apt to make old men. Good boys generally die in their fifth year; not because they are good, but because their quiet habits make them strangers to mud-puddles and oxygen, dirt-piles and out-door exercise. When a friend tells us he has a little baby who never 'wants to leave his books,' the knob of his front door immediately becomes an object of intense interest to us. We know, as if we were blest with foreknowledge, that in less than a year a strip of black crape will be throwing a shade across his path that time will never eradicate."

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

MY NEIGHBOR'S STEP-SON.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

CHAPTER V.

NIAGARA.

"All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs,
And he shakes the woods on the mountain-side
When they drip with the rains of the autumn tide.

"But when in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fret-work fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air."

BRYANT.

"I see there is no man but may make his Paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't;
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit,
Is still in Paradise."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WE were intending to go down to Niagara, as soon as the autumn trees had burst out with their frost-blossoms of glowing red and yellow; choosing one of the soft days of the Indian summer for a picnic upon Goat Island.

I had thought very often of Wallace since my last conversation with him, and particularly since Robert's second call to inquire for him. It was evident that Robert was mistaken in his averred suspicion that he had run away, for Hartson had seen him afterward in the court. But it was quite probable, that he might have contemplated or threatened such a move. I knew, that with such a nature as his, the lack of innocent enjoyments was a great evil, and one very liable to drive him to the evil courses into which he had fallen. And I had had a private wish that he might accompany us on this visit to the Falls, though I hardly knew how to bring it about. It was easy enough to remove the restriction with regard to his playing with Jamie and Hartson, or to make it conditional, but was it best to do so? I had no doubt of my power to influence him in a measure, but was it certain that I could exert a greater influence over him for good than he was liable to exert for evil over the younger members of my family? This matter had been constantly in my mind for several days, and I had

asked for it that Divine light which is "our only help in time of trouble," and was quite ready to try what I could do for Wallace.

On the evening succeeding Robert's call, I again saw Wallace in the court. It was the first time I had seen him since the affair at D. . . . I beckoned to him and he came to the library-window.

"Have you been away from home?" I asked; "I understood that there were fears that you had run away."

"Who told you so?" he asked, in a manner which showed that this was the first he had heard of the charge.

"Your brother was here to inquire for you. I thought perhaps you had been absent, for I have seen nothing of you."

"Yes, I was out to Farmer B. . . .'s two nights. Father knew where I was, well enough. He was glad to have me go. But I have not been here. I intend to leave the court for Jamie and Hartson."

"It is not necessary for you to do that," said I; "we have no claim upon the court, and other boys play here; I can keep my boys away, if I do not wish to have them there. Did your mother know where you were?"

"I don't know. She might have known if she had inquired," said he, "but I doubt if she took that trouble. Bob did n't know where I was, I dare say, but he knew I had n't run away. I can't please him well enough for that just yet."

"Why should he feel interest enough to search for you, if, as you seem to think, he would be glad to have you run away?"

"It's just another of his Sly's. I do n't know what he does it for — he knows."

"You should not judge him too harshly."

"I won't," said Wallace, laconically, making a move to go.

"We are going to the Falls next Saturday," said I, "our own family, for a picnic on Goat Island, and should like to have you go with us." What a flash of surprise came over the boy's

face at this, as he looked up quickly into mine.

"What! with Jamie and Hartson?" he said.

"Yes," I replied, "you have kept away from them at my request very carefully for more than a month. Now I am willing to try you farther. I should like to have you enjoy some of the happiness that we have so abundantly. You say you know but little about it. Only I wish that you shall try not to exert a bad influence over my boys."

"It's no use," said he, "no happiness was meant for me. But I'd like to go with you to the Falls, and I should be sorry to do Jamie and Hartson any mischief."

"Your mother will allow you to go, won't she?"

"I don't know. She'd be willing to have me go, if I'd run off, or go alone; but with you it's another thing. I think she would find some objection. Call her my step-mother if you please, she isn't my mother."

"You are very bitter toward your step-mother and brother," said I; "whether they are right or wrong in their treatment of you, you ought not to indulge this bitterness. It does you much harm. If you would like to go with us, perhaps I can arrange it for you. Your father's office is . . . , is it not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I will call, and ask leave of him. We shall be making preparations Friday evening. You can come in then, and see about it."

Mr. Heber came to me at the carriage-door, when I inquired for him at his office the next day. He was a stout, fine-looking man, very much like Wallace, but without that look of resolute daring that characterized the boy. In fact, if there was any thing lacking upon his really fine features, it was a want of energy and decision, that showed itself in the lines of his mouth, and in the motion with which he came forward. His broad forehead was a trifle bald, and there

seemed to be furrows upon it, deeper than time ought to have plowed upon the face of a strong man of his age, which I judged to be about forty. There was also, except when he spoke, a lack of that genial look for which nature had evidently designed him. On the whole, he struck me much more favorably than I had expected, and the first thing that suggested itself on seeing him, was to ask him bluntly why he did not take better care of his boy, for I could see in the character impressed on his face, little excuse for this negligence. But I kept the impulse to myself, and after introducing myself, stated my errand, requesting his permission for Wallace to accompany us to the Falls. He said Wallace was a sad boy, and after the trouble about the races, he hardly thought I would wish to have him much in company with my boys. He did not know of the prohibition I had laid upon them then. It was quite as well that he did not; I had suspected that Robert Ford at least knew nothing of it. I told him that this was another thing; I should have them all under my eye, and could see that none of them were in mischief. I thought that children needed such amusements as they could enjoy in the presence of their parents; where they could give vent to their flow of animal spirits, without feeling that they were prohibited from so doing.

"Very true," he said, much as if this had never occurred to him before. He was obliged to me for the trouble I was taking, and hoped the boy would give me no occasion to regret it; he should be glad to have him with us, and he walked languidly back to his office as if he had disposed of it in the easiest way.

Wallace came that evening, and was in high spirits when he found it was arranged that he should go. "Was it to-day that I saw his father?" he asked me twice during the evening, and appeared quite satisfied with my reply, but I was too busy to notice it then.

"I shall have to go down to the office after breakfast in the morning," he said, on leaving, "but I will be back here directly."

"We can take you up at the office just as well," I replied, for we were to pass there.

"Can you?" he said with a new flash of pleasure, which I did not then understand. But the next morning, after the cars had left the depot, I heard him talking with Jamie about it on the seat behind me. "It was so capital that you took me up at the office," said he, "for you see, it gave Robert no chance."

"Chance for what?" asked Jamie.

"To stop my going," said Wallace, very much as if he thought it a strange question.

"Why, did he wish to stop your going?"

"Would if he'd known it, and he'd have succeeded too, but you see I didn't let them know it—either of them. Father didn't know till yesterday, and I knew it was safe enough then, for last night was the odd-fellows' great supper, and I knew she would n't give him a chance to say a word to any one, except about the dress and the company till after that was over. She's always in such a deuced hurry on such occasions—"

"Do n't say deuced, Wallace," interrupted Jamie.

"Well, I won't—I'll try to remember, Jamie. So you see last night was safe enough from her and Bob. And then this morning, as soon as father came down to his breakfast, I told him about a man from New York, that he has been wanting to see, and that came to the store yesterday when I was there alone. So he ate his breakfast as quick as he could, and hurried down town. And then I followed him, and asked him about going."

"Was that the first he had told you you might go, Wallace?" asked Hartson, leaning over Jamie and looking up at him with his clear, brown eyes.

"Yes! and it was the first I wished to have him say about it. I was so afraid he would speak about it before then."

"If your father said you could go, couldn't you have gone?" asked Hartson.

"Not if they'd found it out. She'd have set the whole town by the ears before she would have let me off. She'd have had one of her nervous headaches, and wanted me to go for the doctor, or she'd have had one of her dying fits, and wanted me to hold her hand while she asked my forgiveness for all she'd ever done wrong, and forgave me for having killed her. She'd have contrived it some way you may be sure. I did n't feel safe till the cars had fairly started, but they can't reach me now. I shall get a whipping when I get home, but that is n't anything."

"Will she whip you?" said Jamie.

"No! father will."

"What for?"

"I don't know yet—whatever she can conjure up. She'll get up something pretty bad when she finds where I am. But then here's enough to pay me for it all. Here's what father gave me to treat with to-day," and he took a ten-dollar bill from his pocket-book.

"Ten dollars!" said Jamie, "this is a great deal to spend in one day."

"Yes, but then he ought to have given me something, for it's the first time he has given me any money since he was married."

"Was married?"

"Yes, since Bob's ma came to our house."

"But ten dollars ought to last you a good while, Wallace," said Hartson; "it's too much to use for our little picnic."

"So it is," said Wallace; "I'll give half of it to you and Jamie when I get a chance to change it."

"No, do n't," said Jamie; "ma will buy any thing for us that she is willing we should have, and, of course,

we should n't buy any thing if she was n't willing."

I had heard the whole of this conversation, and although I knew from Wallace's voice that he did not wish to make any thing private of it, I still thought it probable that he was not aware how close a listener I had been. It did not make me feel quite easy in regard to the course I had taken in asking Wallace to join us; and besides, it recalled to me the fact, that Jamie had told me of Wallace having owned, or rather boasted that he stole from his father's till, the money that took them to the races at D. . . . This fact, indeed, I had never forgotten, and had hoped to find an opportunity to make it a subject of conversation with Wallace that very day. But the amount he had in possession — when I was sure that his father must have understood we were to picnic on the Island, made me think it was quite time for me to interfere.

The three boys occupied a seat behind Ellen and myself, while the one in front faced us, and was occupied only with a carpet bag. Sending Ellen over for seat-mate to the carpet bag, I called Wallace to sit beside me, and asked him about the money.

"He gave it to me," he said; "I think he was glad to have me come with you, and did not think it was any too much."

"Then you did not *take* it?"

"No, ma'am," said he, blushing deeply, but without quailing before my searching gaze.

"Did not Jamie tell me that you stole the money that took you to D. . . .?"

"I took it out of father's till. I do n't call that stealing," said he.

"Indeed!" said I, "you must have a new code of morals. I thought it was stealing to take that which belongs to any other person without that person's knowledge or permission."

"But father has money of mine," persisted Wallace, "money that my

mother left me. That does n't belong to him, and this is the only way that I can get it."

"Do you think your mother intended you should get it in this way?" He dropped his eye at this, and his lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale. "If your father has money of yours in his possession," I said, pursuing this advantage, "it probably is not yours to use now, but when you come of age, and the whole of it is to be faithfully counted to you then. So that the money you take from your father's till is not yours, but his, and it is as much stealing as if you took from me the money I have now in my purse."

He was trembling now from head to foot with suppressed emotion. "Father does n't talk so to me," said he brokenly, "he just whips me, and tells me not to do so again. And Fleury says that Robert and his mother mean to get all my property away from me, and if I do n't help myself now, I never will get any of it. I must stand up for my rights now, if I ever mean to when I'm a man."

"This Fleury helps you use the money you get in this way, does n't he?"

"I — yes — I suppose he does."

"Always?"

"Yes! I never have taken any except when he was going with me."

"And does not this show you why he should be so skillful in false reasoning? Do you think he is any too good to wish to deceive you with this specious talk for the sake of having you supply him with pocket money?"

"I do n't think he would do that — not hardly. And it is the only comfort I can get."

"Do you mean that you can get no comfort except in associating with him?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The stopping of the cars interrupted our conversation, and August, our gardener, came for the carpet bag, and hamper to find a place where we

could bivouac on Goat Island, while we followed by such "devious ways" as attracted us.

CHAPTER VI.

FLEURY.

"As thistles wear the softest down
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one who idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does like the rattlesnake prevent."

THERE were a great many loungers upon the American side, and we left the path and took our way along the edge of the cataract; thus lingering away most of the morning before crossing the bridge. I had taken the morning train down with the children, and Mr. Mills was to join us at noon. It was a still, rose-colored, dreamy day, and we had found a quiet seat upon the bank, where we remained feasting upon the scene before us, and talking softly now and then, as those do to whom Nature is speaking too earnestly to leave them much time to converse among themselves. The hours passed away very rapidly, until, on looking at my watch, I found that it was already time for the second train to come in; and calling my little party together, we went forward that we might be at our gathering-place on the Island, when my husband made his appearance.

I was leading Ellen by the hand, and we were a little in advance of the others, when we came to a bit of wet ground where the water was too deep for our rubbers, and too wide to step over. While we were trying the soft, spongy soil, and looking about for a stone, or something which should bridge this bit of swamp for us, a tall, gentlemanly-looking man bowed low, and lifting Ellen in his arms, set her down on the other side; and then, turning politely to me, he placed his foot in the water, and extended his hand that I might pass over on this polished bridge. Surprised at this piece of Walter Raleigh civility, I accepted it, and thanked the donor cor-

dially, although I did not like his face as well as I might. His mustaches were too black, and had a curl that—well, they curled respectably enough as far as I could see, but still there was something about them that did not prove acceptable to my vision, and when he fell in beside me the moment I had crossed, I seemed to feel myself in an atmosphere where I could not breathe as well as I liked. He seemed not a whit at a loss in sliding into conversation, and that of a kind where my share could not easily be avoided. On looking back to see how the boys crossed the water, I noticed that Wallace's face was flushed, and his eye averted, and it flashed upon me at once, that for some reason he was uneasy at this adventure. Jamie, too, drew near me, and lingered as if he had something to say, but he found no opportunity, for the man had fallen into a very interesting account of something that had just occurred, and so accompanied me across the bridge to the spot where August had unloosed the hamper and waited for our approach.

Wallace did not join us when we reached this place, but lounged about at a distance, and I caught the stranger's eye once or twice cast furtively in his direction. We had stood here but a moment, when Jamie, who had started in pursuit of Wallace, called out joyfully, "Here's papa! Here he comes!" and Mr. Mills joined us the next moment. My self-constituted escort seemed a little taken aback on hearing Jamie's shout, and when my husband joined us and looked toward him for an introduction or explanation, I said, "This gentleman was so kind as to assist me over the wet ground yonder."

"I am very much obliged to him, certainly," said my husband, lifting his hat to the stranger, who returned the salute with an excessive smile and bow, and retreated.

"It was 'that man,' mamma," said Jamie, running up to me the moment he was gone.

"Fleury?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's his name; the one that went with us to D. . . ."

"I thought so," said Mr. Mills; "I was sure I had seen him before."

"It was Fleury, was it?" said I to Wallace, who now approached hesitating and evidently annoyed.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, without looking up.

"Did you know he was coming to Niagara to-day?" I asked, searching his face.

"No, ma'am," said he, with an indignant outburst; "he had no business to come."

"I suppose we can not prevent his coming when he chooses," said I; "did he know that you were to be here?"

"Not by my letting him," said Wallace; "I think he saw me in the carriage. He was standing on the steps of the Hotel, when we passed. I did not mean he should see me, but I guess he did."

I remembered seeing Wallace sink back suddenly from the window of the carriage as we passed this place, and had no doubt of the truth of what he was saying.

"Then he must have come down on the same train with us," said I; "it may have been mere accident after all."

"I don't believe it was," said Wallace, grinding his heel into the sod, after a fashion he had when he was in an emphatic mood; "he might have let me alone this day, anyhow. I should have had a nice time, if he had stayed away; but I told you it was no use for me to try to have a good time."

"You told me the other day," said I, "that he was the only friend you had, and you found no pleasure but with him. If he is such good company, why should you object to his coming here with us?"

"He is good enough company when I am alone, but he uses me enough then. He is trying to make a ladder of me to-day, and he can't come it."

"A ladder of you, Wallace!" cried Hartson; "do you think he means to walk up stairs into mother's favor on it?"

"Not exactly," said Wallace, with a grim smile; "'t would be a left-handed way, I guess. But I don't mean my ball and alley friends shall insult her, because she is kind to me."

"Insult her, Wallace! I am sure I thought he was very polite," said Ellen.

"He never is polite for nothing," said Wallace.

"Then you admit that he is selfish in his professed friendship for you," said I.

"Yes! but then he is only like the rest of them. Everybody is selfish in this world. No one will be polite to you without some good reason for it."

"What do you mean by your ball and alley friends, my lad?" said Mr. Mills.

"That's what Fleury calls them," said Wallace; "he says that when we put on long faces and go to meeting, we mustn't know our ball and alley friends."

"Aren't you inclined to think that it is best not to have any 'ball and alley friends?'" continued my husband; "if you keep clear of such acquaintances, they will never trouble you by coming in your way, when you would rather not see them."

"Yes, sir, I know that," said Wallace; "but then, some people were born to live in a ditch, and some on a carpet. I am not to blame if I was n't carpet-born."

"It is Fleury that teaches you all this false philosophy, isn't it?" said I; for Wallace was continually coming out with something that showed a taste for speculation far beyond his years.

"Yes, ma'am," said he; "he tells me when I ask him. He understands things; and he says that carpet people understand them too, only they don't like to own up, and so they smooth them over and pretend to believe something different."

"This supposes, you see, that he is more honest than those that he calls carpet people. What do you think about it? Which would you trust soonest. This Fleury, or those who profess to believe something different?" Wallace looked up curiously at me with a puzzled expression, as if he hardly saw his way through. "I would like to have you tell me," I continued as he did not answer; "you know that my opinions differ very widely from those which you give as his. Now I would like to know whose opinions you consider most worthy of confidence?"

"But don't you think, Mrs. Mills, that most everybody is selfish?" asked he.

"I think there is a great deal of selfishness in the world, Wallace; that it is a part of our fallen natures which we must always resist if we wish to do right."

"I guess there are n't many people that try to do right then," said Wallace; "perhaps there's some exceptions, but I guess not many. If everybody was like you, it would be easy for me to be good—as easy as for Jamie and Hartson."

"I wish to tell you one thing, Wallace," said I; "I have seen a great many people in my life, who insisted that everybody was selfish—that there was no such thing as honesty or virtue in the world; but I never saw one of them who was willing to admit that this was true of himself. They all lay this burden of dishonesty and knavery, upon the shoulders of their neighbors. Now, it is easy to see that if any one of these is right, all the rest must be wrong. To whom shall we give the preference? Which shall we select as the one honest person among all this world of knaves?"

"But, Mrs. Mills, I know that I am selfish. And Fleury says he don't profess to be good—he knows better. There is no such thing as goodness and honesty."

"We will leave Fleury out of the question," said I. "It is enough to sift one such character at once. You

say that you know that you are selfish—you too, probably, do not profess to be good? You do not claim to be any better than others in this world of knaves, where no one is to be trusted? You are a hypocrite—there is no dependence upon your word, for you will say one thing, and mean another—"

"Oh, Mrs. Mills!" exclaimed Wallace.

"Don't interrupt me," said I; "we will see just how it looks. If you don't claim to be any better than others, you must accept such a character as you bestow upon them. You are selfish, and think only of your own interest, without any regard to others in what you do. You will cheat and deceive whenever it will serve your purpose."

"Oh, Mrs. Mills!"

"You acknowledge no such thing as honesty. If you do not take my purse, it is only from fear of discovery. You will appropriate any thing that will serve you more than it injures you."

"Oh, Mrs. Mills! you know better than that," said Wallace, wincing sadly; "I know I am bad, but I am not a hypocrite. If I do any thing wrong, I am willing people should know it."

"Then you *are* honest? You are obliged after all, to lay this burden of dishonesty on the shoulders of your neighbors?"

"Well, any way, I won't cheat and deceive, whatever else I may do. I ain't cutting up Bob's sly's all the time, if I am bad."

"It is a virtue to be honest, is n't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Then you make yourself better than others in reality. The difference between your sins and theirs, is, that you own yours and they do not."

"Ye-es, ma'am."

"Then, of course, you are better than they."

"I think it is better to own what one does," said Wallace, grinding himself into the ground again.

"Then why not own what you think? If you are better than others, why not acknowledge it? According to your explanation, it is good in you to profess to be bad." Wallace smiled curiously. "It is a contradiction, is n't it?"

"I should think so."

"Then your whole reasoning is a contradiction. I can not help thinking that it would be more honest in you to profess to be good, and try to live up to it."

"But I can't; I should get angry—angry at Bob, the first time I saw him. What's the use of professing to be good when you get mad enough at a fellow to tear his eyes out every day?"

"What a terrible thing it would be for him to have his eyes torn out! Would you like to see him in such a state?"

"No!" said Wallace, with a slight shiver. "But when a feller is mad he do n't think."

"Is n't it best always to think before you do any thing you will be sorry for all your life?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You have heard of the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation?'"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And do n't you think it a good plan to avoid temptation? When you find yourself tempted to be angry, go immediately out of the way of that which tempts you. And then instead of nursing your anger by dwelling upon the things that made you angry, think how dreadful it would be if your angry thoughts should have full gratification."

"I should have to keep out of Bob's way."

"Very well; it is better to keep out of his way while you feel as you do toward him. You would find kinder thoughts coming into your heart, and be much happier if you pursued this course."

August had been waiting for the last few minutes to show us to the dinner which, with Ellen's assistance,

he had spread for us on the grass; and we sat down on the trunks of fallen trees, with the bright autumn leaves arching above us, and the music of the cataract playing in full orchestra during our repast.

* * * * *

It seemed that Wallace's adventure with Fleury was not the only collision he was to have with his "ball and alley friends" during the day. In the afternoon, as he was sitting alone on the bank not far from the round tower in the rapids, one of a group of boys who had been hanging on the skirts of our party, and evidently trying to attract Wallace's attention, came behind him unperceived, and gave him a push that sent him many steps down a dangerous descent. All the lion in his nature was roused at once, and rushing up the bank he attacked his assailant, while the vagrant boys who had been watching the event gathered round at the prospect of a fight. Wallace's first blow was returned with interest, and the stroke fell upon his breast. His upraised hand was dropped instantly with a quick exclamation, and he thrust his hand into his breast in a way that led me to think he was hurt, and I hurried toward him. I had already called Mr. Mills, who was not a witness to the first of this quarrel, that he might interfere, and we approached together, while the boys who had assailed him retreated.

"He has broken it!" said Wallace passionately, coming toward us.

"Broken what?"

"This," said he, drawing a miniature case from an inner pocket. "Yes, I knew he had," he continued, pulling the broken halves apart, and then throwing himself down on the bank, and covering his face with his hand to conceal the tears that were brimming over it.

"What is it?" said I, coming close to him, and reaching toward the picture which he grasped tightly in his hand.

"My mother's picture," said he.

"Was it yours?" I asked, seeing that the case was a very fine one.

"Yes! at least I was the only one that cared for it. I took it from the parlor-table. I would not have it there. Father knew I had it."

"Let me see it," said I; "perhaps it is only the case that is broken. I suppose it is the picture that you value."

Wallace gave the picture into my hand, rising up at the same time to examine the mischief that had been done.

"Helen Warland!" I exclaimed, as the opened case disclosed unbroken the portrait of a beautiful young girl painted on ivory.

"Did you know her? Oh, did you, Mrs. Mills?" said Wallace, grasping my hand.

"I knew Helen Warland very well; we were school-girls together. I loved her very much. Was she really your mother, Wallace?"

"Yes, she was my mother. I am so glad you knew her, Mrs. Mills — the very one I would have been glad to have know her."

"I am glad too, to learn that you are her child. But I am very sorry to know that my old friend was called so early from her children," said I, fondling his hand while I mused upon this sudden intelligence. I had heard of Helen's marriage long ago, but had lost sight of her since then, but here was a legacy she had left me — a memento of our old friendship, in the child who had interested me so much.

As we stood thus, a stone thrown by the boy who had assailed him, whizzed past Wallace's ear and fell upon the ground. Wallace started forward and picked it up.

"You will not throw it," said I, as he stood with it poised over his shoulder.

"Not at him," said Wallace, with a beaming smile. "Nothing can tempt me to quarrel with them now;" and he threw the stone over the edge of the precipice, far out into the boiling caldron beneath.

"What a handsome boy he is!" whispered Ellen softly.

She was standing close beside me and looking admiringly at him as he stood watching the progress of the stone. He was a handsome boy. The tears that had gushed out at the breaking of the picture were still wet upon his curving lashes, but they had been chased away by the flood of joy that came over him at the discovery that I knew his mother. Yet a mis-giving came over me as I heard Ellen's whisper. Was it wise to bring a boy with such habits among my little ones?

"You see how troublesome it is to have 'ball and alley friends,'" said my husband to Wallace.

"Yes, sir — that's so!" was the reply.

(To be continued.)

A BLIGHTED BUD.

(Concluded.)

IN the summer of 1853, it was advised that sea-bathing should be tried for his malady. He spent with his mother and sister nearly five months at the sea-side, and was able to bathe most of the time. The scenery in the diversified state of New Jersey, together with the several excursions he took to places of interest in the vicinity, afforded him much enjoyment. He writes, July 11th, '53: "The sunsets here are almost as beautiful as on the banks of our own Niagara; the hills and vales too look pleasant, but are very different from the level country that surrounds our dear home." He seemed to enjoy his mind during this absence from home, and was very happy, which was owing, no doubt, to an improvement in his health. Though apparently convalescent after his return, encouraging the hope of a permanent recovery, still the prospect proved delusive with regard to an entire restoration. His health continued alternating until the

close of life. An incident which occurred, occurring while in New Jersey, proves his conscientious regard to private devotions. His room, adjoining his mother's, was very small, and was surrounded by others in a hall, opening opposite one to another. He had been accustomed to have a chamber at home quite retired, where, when attending to his daily devotions, he generally spoke aloud in prayer; but felt some embarrassment in doing so where he might be heard, and thus cause the remark of other boarders. He one day mentioned this to his mother, and observed, "I do n't like in my chamber here to pray aloud; if overheard, it may seem as if I was desirous to be seen of men; or like ostentation, as if boasting of my piety and goodness." He then asked how he should avoid it, and said, "I must speak as low as possible;" which he tried to do, but, was unknown to himself overheard, and the remark made by a lady to his mother, "What an excellent young man; I fear there are no others here so attentive to private devotions as your son."

Any one knowing him well, could not for a moment suppose he was actuated by the least ostentation, or false sanctimoniousness. In this we see the character of the humble Christian; wherever, in the providence of God he is placed, he can not neglect that communion with his Heavenly Father from which he derives strength, to advance in the divine life, by which he girds on the armor to conquer every enemy to his progress, and maintains a constant readiness for his Master's appearing. In whatever situation placed, the follower of Christ finds something to do or suffer in his service; to resolve to do His will conscientiously will afford heart-felt peace. If injurious remarks should result from such faithfulness, the consequences need not be feared while conscience and Heaven give an approval. Through the simplicity of faith, and a prevailing desire to prove his love for

the Saviour by keeping his commandments, moral courage had become a prominent element of his character, manifested by a determination to adhere to duty, let the consequences be what they might. To know he was right, was enough, while results were confided to Him who doeth all things well.

As he was debarred from many out-door occupations, he sought to be useful, by doing many little offices to promote the comfort of the family indoors—always pleased when assisting his parents, brother, or sister, as far as in his power. Drawing from nature was one of his favorite employments, and several drawings are now treasures in the family, which were executed in successive years preceding his decease. A chamber was fitted up by his parents, according to his choice and direction, which he called his "little sanctum"—there, with surroundings agreeing to his taste, were passed some of his happiest hours. Resources within himself, caused retirement never to be found irksome; still, to be confined in the house frequently for days in succession, was esteemed one of his crosses; but, all was more than compensated, by "the spirit God had put within him." No complaint was uttered; ill health and all its consequent deprivations, were endured with unvarying Christian patience and resignation. As God's Word was his constant companion, rich and divine consolation was derived from that source, which never fails to impart comfort to the child of God in all circumstances.

Prayer was the atmosphere in which he lived. The daily retirement of the closet was the source from which was derived growth, in all that is "lovely and of good report." The weekly prayer-meeting was not neglected, when health would allow of his attendance; for he prized social prayer as promoting Christian love and communion.

The Sabbath was to him "a delight;" generally rising earlier on that morn-

ing than usual, his face *seemed to shine*, in anticipation of the delightful duties and pleasures of the day. He writes in his journal, July 1st, '54: "Attended with visitors at our house, against my inclination, St. Joseph's Catholic Cathedral. I shall not, I hope, be urged to do so again, *when my own dear church is open*, where I can hear Jesus preached, and his blessed gospel." He would not fail of being in his place in God's house, when health permitted, and no one could more prize Sabbath and sanctuary privileges.

My young readers may think the character here portrayed, nearer perfection than they could attain; and think therefore, that to set it before them as an example for imitation would be useless; for they could not expect to find one so nearly faultless. But all he manifested of moral excellence, most others can, if in early life they choose the same principles to guide them as were his early choice. The advantages of early piety can hardly be realized until its valuable fruit is in a measure perfected by earnest endeavors to do right.

Though possessed of so much natural amiability of temper, his good sense had taught the folly of indulging anger, or other intemperate passions, and grace had enabled him to subdue them; yet, was realized how far he came short of that excellence, to which every Christian desires to arrive, while every failure in duty leads them to grieve for the sin, and imperfection still warring against good resolutions, and efforts for amendment. Richard had a keen sense of this, and never felt that he had attained that perfection for which he aimed. The question was once asked, "Do you have an abiding belief that you are one of God's children, and is it a source of daily consolation that you are?" He hesitated, then replied, "I don't enjoy that always; sometimes I feel sure I do love God, and that I am his child; and then I am so happy; but, oh! I feel sometimes that I am so unwor-

thy—I am such a sinner!" He could see what was in his heart, while to others, his Christian graces seemed growing higher every day. Grateful expressions frequently fell from his lips, both for temporal and spiritual blessings; especially that he was taught in early life, to prize unseen and eternal realities.

The grateful expression was often repeated, "How much I thank you, my dear mother, that you taught me the catechism, and so many hymns, when I was little; I love to repeat them in my wakeful nights," which he was often heard to do. He had committed to memory near two hundred hymns. He often made remarks like the following: "Perhaps if God had not in mercy sent me affliction, I might have been thoughtless as many other young persons are, a cause of sorrow to their parents, unfit to live or die." The loss of health had brought him to his Heavenly Father, and the thought would cause often the most thankful expressions for what God had done for his soul.

The premonition of an early death, which he sometimes expressed, has often led to the remark: "Perhaps God will call me away soon. If that should be his holy will, I am resigned—I fear not to die." It was not that he did not love his friends, nor prize the life God had given, and the good and pleasant things to be enjoyed with it, but, that he had learned the uncertainty of all here, and to seek those blessings which endure beyond this life. He felt that his treasure was in heaven, and "whether living or dying, he was the Lord's."

At the time of his grandfather's death—for whom he had felt the strongest attachment, his grief was very sincere—with the event came serious and solemn impressions of death and eternity. In relation to it, he writes, March 29th, '54: "My dear father has gone to New York, to attend the funeral of his beloved father, my last and aged grandparent. Oh! may his affection for us never be

forgotten. May his sudden death impress upon our minds our own mortality, and that though we are young, we should not only seek to be prepared for the duties of life, but first of all for death. May we follow his advice, and seek to be like him a Christian." He, in this extract, includes his brother and sister with himself. After writing some particulars of his grandfather's decease, he says: "May I never forget these circumstances connected with his departure;" alluding to the solemn admonitions which on his death-bed he delivered to his children and grandchildren present, and the messages left for those who were absent.

Increased anxiety was now felt by his affectionate parents, for the reason that all means had failed, and continued unavailing for the restoration of health. Many physicians were consulted, and various medicines had been tried, but only with partial success in any instance. Patiently he submitted to one proposed remedy after another, with alternate hopes and fears—sometimes ready to yield to discouragement, though the hope for a restoration to health was never abandoned by himself nor his friends. All that tenderness and sympathy could do, was done, to soothe his lonely hours, and afford consolation to one who necessarily experienced so many deprivations, although very little pain attended his frequent prostrations, yet, a lack of strength kept him nearly all the time an invalid.

His father and other friends would often surprise him with the gift of a book, or engraving, knowing these would afford more gratification than any thing else they could select. Those books that had proved most beneficial to himself were loaned to young friends, with the hope expressed "that they might reap the same profit that he had derived from them." His little box of tracts kept for distribution, was often ransacked, that a suitable one might be selected for some person, by whom his attention had

been attracted. The distribution of tracts was a pleasant duty; for, to promote the moral improvement of others, was one of his ruling desires.

In the various journeys taken for the benefit of his health, so intent was his mind upon trying to do what he could, that tracts were never forgotten; and with the bestowment of one was generally spoken a few words, indicative of the interest felt for the spiritual welfare of the receiver. The conversion of sinners was an object near his heart. It was very affecting to listen to his fervent petitions on their behalf, and to hear him speak with the tenderness so characteristic a word for his Lord and Master.

Through the trials of life and all its changing scenes, the Christian will desire to have his heart in tune to sing God's praises. Richard was ever ready to join in this exercise, in which he so much delighted, often proposing to his friends to unite with him in singing some favorite hymns; and daily when alone, his voice was heard "making melody in his heart unto the Lord;" which it was observed "seemed to be in anticipation of soon joining the choir above." Oh! with what sadness comes the reflection to those who loved him so dearly, that the voice so often thus engaged, shall no more be tuned in unison with theirs, until "this mortal shall have put on immortality." The hope how sustaining! that ere long we shall be reunited with our departed friends, and then, "in louder, sweeter strains, we'll sing His power to save."

For some months preceding his departure, there appeared a marked improvement in his health, and the hopes of friends were again partially encouraged. He was able to take more exercise in the open air, which seemed to have an invigorating effect. Some spoke encouragingly that a restoration to health might be hoped for; but such a hope did not appear to have taken possession of his own mind. It was seen, by several remarks made,

that he evidently felt that his hold on life was a very frail tenure. He manifested the same calm, heavenly spirit that had been so conspicuous the last few years, and none who saw him daily could but see he was ripening for that world,

"Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour, and pour upon the soul."

How much to be prized is a sweet submissive spirit, and an entire resignation to all the appointments of our Heavenly Father. It is the perfection of Christian character, and the greatest attainment of the human heart. It is rarely, if ever reached, except through many trials, and with a strong eye of faith to Him who was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," and who has left us an example that we should follow in His steps. How much discipline from our Heavenly Father is often necessary, before this grace is exemplified in the perfection God requires. Though it may be a difficult lesson, yet, it is one all Christians will seek to acquire. God, in most instances, so operates upon the hearts of those whom he intends soon to call to Himself, as to produce it ere the day of their departure arrives. Trials often bring the sufferer to bow low in sweet acquiescence, and with our divine Master to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." It is not doubted but the early trial of loss of health, and its consequences, an almost entire shutting out from the scenes and active employments of life, led this young sufferer to resign his will to that of his Heavenly Father, caused the placidity manifested in all his deprivations, and enabled him to look upon death in prospect, with entire composure. To God be all the praise for the bestowment of that preparation of heart, by which the sufferer's will was swallowed up in the will of "Him who doeth all things well."

On the 14th of December, 1855, the day preceding his death, he appeared more debilitated than usual, but not more so apparently than at

times before. He was on the bed but a part of the day, and appeared cheerful; in the evening he requested that some of his favorite sacred pieces might be sung, with the accompaniment of the piano, to which he listened with his wonted enjoyment. He retired early to rest, while no indication was visible to one of the family of the sad scene so soon awaiting them. His mother, as was her custom, went to his room, to see if all was right. She bade him "Good-night." The sweet expression of his countenance can never be forgotten, while, as she looked fondly into his dark blue eye, that shone with undying love, he responded cheerfully "Good-night." These were the last words uttered to an earthly friend; he afterward was heard repeating his hymns, as he often did before going to sleep; which was probably the last exercise of his pious mind.

The next dawn his spirit had departed — so unexpectedly and sudden was the messenger sent to take him home. It is not known whether it was by a fit, or an affection of the heart that his earthly career was so suddenly closed.

THE LAST "GOOD-NIGHT."

"Good-night," a mother said, in accents mild,
To one of gentle mold retired to rest;
"Good-night," responded that beloved child;
Another morn his soul was with the blest.
Where that night was the sad, solemn token,
That ere would shine another morning sun,
A tie of love so sudden would be broken,
And his short course on earth so quickly run?

An angel called him to the world of light,
It was on earth his long and last "good-night."

Calm as the sun returns at close of day,
Softly as fade the stars at early dawn,
As ceaseless flows the stream to find its way,
So wast thou hastening to receive thy crown.
Willing to leave at thy loved Master's call,
A world that teems with blighting woe and sin;

When here, thy Saviour was thy "all in all,"
Couldst thou regret to go and dwell with Him?

Then with thy voice, and dark, blue eye so bright,
Was uttered thy last "Mother, dear, good-night."

Can we forget when thy loved spirit fled,
Our anguish when we looked on thee in death?

We tried to think, dear one, thou wert not dead;

God only for a time recalled thy breath.

We laid thee full of hope upon thy bed,
Remembering that thy Saviour there was laid,

And felt 'twere wrong so many tears to shed,
As thou wilt rise through thine exalted Head.

Dear bud of promise, early was thy blight,
But in *that* world is never said "good-night."

For all thou wast, to God we give the praise,
For all sweet memories thou hast left behind;
His spirit given thee in thy earliest days,
Was the rich blessing of a father kind.

Thy thirst for knowledge will be gratified,
Thy wish to work for God meet a reward,
And all thy aspirations ratified.

Near the bright river near the throne of God.
Now thy unfaltering faith is turned to sight,
That vision ne'er is veiled by a "good-night."

Each precious loan we humbly can resign,
If, in each loss we feel a father's love;
The dear ones here, that round our hearts
entwine,

He will restore us in our home above.

We would not wish thee back to suffer more,
Again to taste the withering blight of sin;
But gird our armor on for that blessed shore,
A life in heaven — an endless life to win.

When all our foes are conquered in God's
might,

Then we'll say good-morn — no more
"good-night."

It is a privilege to stand at the bed of a departing saint, and hear his last testimony for his Saviour, and words of affection for dear friends he leaves behind. But, it is not on these alone that we can place our assurance, that it is well with them when death has closed the last earthly scene, or that affords us consolation when gazing on the loved form in death. It is the life they have lived, that speaks the greatest consolation to Christian survivors. His friends mourn, not because they heard no word or listened to no expressions of love from his lips in the embrace of death, (for his whole life was a beautiful exemplification of affection for them,) but because one so dear has left a vacant place in their small family circle which can never

be filled — while they experience "the joy of grief," in that he left behind such abundant testimony that he had "lived unto the Lord," "died unto the Lord," and is now blessed. For these reasons they feel resigned to his sudden removal, and because that was God's choice, and His will was done.

Thus passed away a bud of promise, which will expand and bloom in the Paradise above. He has entered into rest, leaving nought but pleasant memories of his life and character, save his physical suffering, which can not be compared to that of many others who have died as young. Many testimonials have been given by friends with sympathizing condolence to the expanding virtues of his heart. Unselfishness, the conscientious performance of duty, and visible increasing consecration to God, seemed more and more apparent, as he neared the confines of eternity.

How true, that "the memory of the just is blessed," whether they are called away young, or in more mature life. If the virtues that made happy the life of the subject of this memorial are the choice and pursuit of the youthful reader, then they too will find, that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"I see thee still!

Here was thy summer-noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat,
This was the chamber — here each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed thou last didst lie —
Here, on this pillow thou didst die!
Dark hour, and now its woes unfold,
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,

I see thee still!

"I see thee still!

Thou art not in the grave confined —
Death can not claim the immortal mind
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Oh! let me hope my journey done,
To see thee still."

M. C. A.

COUSIN TOM'S FLIRTATION.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

COUSIN Tom is a very agreeable man. His voice has a rich melody, which charms you like the music of a master-singer; his eyes are ever varying in their expression, sometimes glowing with a falcon-keenness, sometimes so sad, that you imagine that the lowermost depths of his soul are stirred; that the old memories are awakened, and are exerting their power over his vigorous mind. His broad, white brow, is shadowed by a wealth of chestnut hair, which lies as carelessly and gracefully, as it did in his school-boy days. The contour of his face is full, yet not sensual; his mouth is at times firm, though usually beautiful, even to femininism. His whole head seems a palace, wherein a royal mind may dwell; and if it is but the material expression of spiritual qualities, we may say that cousin Tom's birthright was princely.

He is very entertaining in conversation. In passing half a life-time in this changeful world, he has kept his eyes open. His powers of observation are great, and whatever he gives his attention to, seems ever afterward to be a portion of his own mind; and his stores of knowledge have been increased by travel. He entered Harvard at sixteen years of age, and although with his pre-dispositions, he could not have devoted *all* of the four years he spent there, to unremitting study, I know from archives which have recently been placed in my possession by circumstances—not by cousin Tom—that he was unremitting in his attentions to certain fair Athenian damsels, who graciously induced him to attend their church—nay more, who offered him the occupancy of a seat, without the slightest remuneration. In my own heart, I believe they were sufficiently rewarded by his growing devotion to them. But with this unfavorable diversion of his mind from the main object for which he had become a resi-

dent of Boston, he came back to us so overladen with college honors, as he declared that it was a genuine relief to find some one who could not show a diploma, with whom he might share the spoils won from the fields of classic literature.

We were all very proud of him—of his learning, of his noble beauty, of his manly bearing. And having laid a broad foundation whereon to rear such a superstructure as time, or means, or inclination might suggest, cousin Tom avowed his resolution to devote himself to his friends for the coming year. He had no right, he insisted, to hide such a combination of graces in a dull, sunless counting-room, or to furrow his face, which he intended should make his fortune, in tedious study of Coke or Blackstone. We, his feminine cousins, congratulated ourselves on hearing this announcement, hoping, and confidently expecting, that he would be a great convenience.

Alas! all was vexation of spirit! Did we make our plans to go to a grand concert, or a fine lecture, and gently intimate to cousin Tom that we wished his protection? He was unavoidably engaged. But the next morning we were sure to hear of some charming beauty who had the extreme honor of being escorted to the aforesaid lecture or concert by our renowned Adonis, cousin Tom. Had we determined to accept no more attentions from him at any time, seeing we could not choose the occasions, cousin Tom was certain to come up with a request which could not be refused, that we would favor him with our company. Ah, cousin Tom, there's many a heartache for which you must account! And with all his engaging qualities, he assumed such an unconscious air, that one was almost inclined to flatter him, hoping to raise him in his own estimation. He was perfectly polite to all. Many a time when we have tried to find fault with him, have we come to the conclusion that the fault lay in our

own vanity, and that he was — faultless.

I am afraid *you* will think the same; and will hasten to point the weaker side of his character. Until he went to New York, where he spent several years, and amassed a fortune, I believe his affections, like a slumbering volcano, had been inactive. While in his native town, he had made the acquaintance and enjoyed the society of a host of young ladies, without concentrating his admiration upon any one in particular; and I presume, had he remained there, he would pleasantly and insensibly have glided into his present estate; whereas, now, after knowing some what of his experience, we all ascribe it to that “disappointment.”

When cousin Tom entered the metropolis, and took rooms at the Astor, it became noised abroad that he was rich; that he was educated; that he was — every thing desirable in a husband. And the young men who lounge about the club-rooms, introduced him to their marriageable sisters; and the sisters, because he was “brother’s particular friend,” took tireless pains to render their tasteful drawing-rooms attractive. So cousin Tom flourished in the ornate parlors of Fifth Avenue-dom, to the full gratification of his ambition. He was the leader at the conversazione; he was the star of the private musical soirees; he was the pet of match-making mothers; occasionally, whenever it would enhance his popularity, he was the gallant of antiquated maidens, who had reached the culmination of their beauty, and were ruefully disposed to consider the stations they might have filled, had they accepted the numerous hearts which they avowed had lain bleeding at their feet. Even widows, who were still wearing the habiliments of woe, assumed a sort of somber smile when he paid his respects. But he seldom met this class; as a life of retirement is considered extremely proper for all, and even necessary to those re-

cently afflicted. One there was, however, undeniably pretty, who wore the sweetest and saddest of smiles for him. Cousin Tom could not help it; his sympathies would flow out of his warm heart, and his lips gave them utterance when she dwelt upon her early bliss, and the lonely present life she was leading. It was whispered about that the “widow had caught him,” that “she was artful,” etc.; but I have often heard him say, and that, too, since he has “arrived at years of discretion,” that he never had an idea that she was endeavoring to entrap him; neither would he ever believe she thought of it. And since he made this declaration, I have thought less and less of the green-eyed gossips, who are to be found in every society.

But it was to a widow’s daughter, if not to a widow, that I must acknowledge my indebtedness for material for this “over true tale.” Seventeen, pretty, educated, accomplished — what more would you have? Cousin Tom did n’t wish any thing more, so he sought her for his wife. But her moral mechanism was very uncertain in its movements, sometimes carrying her in a right direction; at others, the movement was reversed, and she was evidently going backward. It was as if there were some hidden governing power, imperceptible even to herself, to which all must yield when *it* chose to assert its superiority. I have always thought that concealed giant was an inherent love of money. I think her life demonstrates it. Her nature was peculiarly sensuous. An over-weening love of ornament and luxury, was discernible upon a slight acquaintance. Her fondness for society amounted to a passion; and even while engaged to cousin Tom, she did not hesitate to receive an undue amount of miscellaneous attentions. He induced her to visit his home during this period. He had not announced any formal engagement to his friends; indeed I think he dared not do so,

from fear of her jilting him; he seemed proud of her, and was an uncommon example of devotion; yet, he had an air of uneasiness for which we could not account.

We were not really satisfied with his choice; still, no one had any desire or right to interfere. Our minds, however, were soon quieted, or rather supplied with a fresh subject for wonder, when we received rather a short letter from cousin Tom, telling us that his "flirtation,"—I seemed to feel the bitter irony of the word—was at an end, and that he was coming home on a visit, after which he should sail for Europe on pressing business.

Well, he came home, and we were all glad to see him; glad that Gertrude (hav'n't I told you her name before?) had dismissed him, or that he had dismissed her—we didn't care which, so that he was free again; and he was so much master of his feelings, that no trace of the tempest beneath which he had bowed disfigured his fine face. He was neither gloomy, sour, nor unsocial. I have thought since that he had placed impassable walls between the boiling, tumultuous ocean of his feelings, and the outer world, that cold eyes might not curiously gaze upon the fiery surges. Be that as it may, we had a grand visit. And he wrote, when on the eve of sailing, a firm, manly letter, containing messages of regard for all, and inclosing a private letter for his mother. I believe this secret letter revealed more of cousin Tom's love matters than either you or I have any business with; so we, I presume, shall never know what it disclosed.

* * * * *

Two years flew by. Cousin Tom had made the "tour" of Europe, and had returned, bringing specimens of lava from Etna and Vesuvius; paintings from Germany and Italy, and a memory stored with the song and legend of old time and haunted lands. How we hung upon his words, as he told tales of the Alhambra, or dwelt

upon the solemn stateliness of St. Peter's at Rome! He sang Rhine songs in the still summer evenings, until I was fain to believe I saw the rocks following him as of old they followed Orpheus. He was a man of the world now; and his brow indicated a larger experience than when he left us. He had studied men if not books; perhaps the thoughtful expression upon his face showed suffering. But each time that we looked upon him, we felt that there was a deathless sculptor at work, and that every stroke cut deeper the lines of nobility upon his countenance.

He returned to New York and resumed business. He was more a favorite in society than during his first residence there, if that were possible. He did not meet Gertrude, for she had removed for a time to one of our southern cities. He was as profuse as ever of his attentions to the gentler sex, and the result of it was, that he again became engaged to a lady, who, although without the showy accomplishments of his first love, excelled her in all those qualities which help to form a perfect character. This time, cousin Tom boldly proclaimed his engagement to his family, and soon after introduced her to us. We all congratulated him upon his prospects, and he replied fearlessly, appearing to be entirely free from that diffidence which skillful judges say always accompanies deep affection, and which he certainly labored under when he presented Gertrude to us. They stayed but a few days, and then returned to New York.

Several months after this visit, Miss Cheever visited a distant city. She spent two or three months there, and cousin Tom, becoming lonely and tired of business, resolved to visit her. He stopped with us for a few days while on his way, and very confidentially, of course, exhibited a beautiful diamond ring which he was intending to present to her. He seemed well satisfied with his choice, yet I could not but remark the absence of all

enthusiasm when he spoke of her excellence. Still, we remembered that he was older than when he was engaged to Gertrude; that he had seen more of the world — that his situation was by no means a novel one. He went on and visited her, and returned, spending a day or two with his family. But he was abstracted, and decidedly dull. We could not account for it.

After he reached New York, he sent a letter to his mother, informing her of the sudden termination of his relations with Miss Cheever, and of the renewal of his engagement with Gertrude. While at home, and on his way to visit Miss Cheever, he had received a letter from Gertrude, expressing the most sincere sorrow for her past conduct, her present unhappiness, and the certainty of a miserable life, unless by some means a reconciliation with him could be effected. That it was accomplished, and that she was again his intended wife, his own words testified. Miss Cheever had, upon the first intimation of his wishes, released him from his engagement with herself, and he hastened back to New York, the same ardent lover that he was during his first wooing. Gertrude wore the diamonds which he presented her, and cherished the delicate boquets, which he offered as regularly as morning opened their beauties to his sight.

Never was devotee so true to patron saint, as was cousin Tom to this "false, fair one." But when he urged her from time to time to name their marriage day, she hesitated. At length, impatient at her wearisome delay, he told her that if she did not choose to be married during the next autumn, he should consider the engagement broken. She did not choose; so cousin Tom left his business in the care of a trusty agent, and came home. He was ill a long time — poor fellow — and when he recovered made an extended tour of the states. We half suspected that he would rashly fall in love again. But he came back cured

of his passion for Gertrude, and still persists in calling it a "flirtation," although he doesn't expect we believe him.

I sometimes envy him his luxurious, quiet suite of rooms. A splendid piano, (purchased for his fair enslaver,) stands in his parlor; his library is a rare collection of the best thoughts of the best minds. Asia, Europe, the islands of the South sea — all are represented in his cabinet; but I sometimes drop in during a long evening and find him playing "Solitaire," or smoking; and I know he is lonely. He seems glad to see me, and I always feel benefited when I have spent an hour with him. His superior mind gives of its fulness to mine, and it is positive enjoyment for me to listen to him.

I think he becomes contented with his matchlessness, as time passes on, and he sees with what petty cares housekeeping is necessarily connected. But I often think he was not intended for the life of a bachelor. He has so much goodness that should be appreciated and made effective in a family circle. But he knows his own heart better than I do. Madame Rumor has often announced his approaching nuptials; but I know that she is a confirmed gossip, and that cousin Tom is a confirmed bachelor.

GOOD ADVICE.—Girls, beware of transient young men. Never suffer the addresses of a stranger; recollect one good steady farmer's boy, or industrious mechanic, is worth more than all the floating trash in the world; the allurements of a human dandy-jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking-stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless though fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home, a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affections last, while that of such a young man is lost in the wane of the honey-moon. 'T is true.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

FOUNDED UPON A INCIDENT RECORDED IN THE
"TALISMAN."

BY MARY A. RIPLEY.

FAR in the orient, are hills, and vales,
Deserts, and green-crowned mountains, which
were trod
In years long buried, by the feet of Him
Whose visible presence sanctified the land; —
The ancient land of Palestine. It seems,
So reverently we hold each blessed haunt,
That all would don the pilgrim's flowing robe,
And casting from the soul each sordid aim,
Linger amid the crumbling towers, whose
strength,
And beauty, were the royal minstrel's theme;
Or wander near Mount Calvary's sacred hight,
So consecrated by the Crucified,
Or sit within the holy sepulcher,
Musing upon the conquered King of Death.
Jerusalem! thou art a glorious shrine,
Even in thy dim decay. The Paynim tribes
Look on thee most devoutly, and the church—
A Catholic host, would see the cross arise
Upon thy falling ramparts, bidding thee
Recall thy scattered children from the wilds
Where they are toiling on, amid the scorn
Of Gentile persecution, to repose
On their own Mount of Zion.

In that land,
Where each tall mountain is a lasting shrine,
Each haunted crypt, a place for hallowed
souls
To gather gospel lore, where patriarchs
Have reared rude altars, where the sacrifice
Hath sent its curling smoke to join the
clouds—
Amid these scenes of mystery, comes up
A vision of the brave crusading host,
Who, with the cross on robe and banner,
sought
To battle with the turbaned Saracen
Who swayed the scepter o'er the holy realm,
While Judah's lion crouched beneath his
chains.

Jordan's cool waves glanced brightly in the
light
Of a fair eastern morning, and the moan —
The sullen murmur of the Dead Sea, seemed
A requiem for the ancient towers that lie
Beneath its heavy waters.

The white sand,
Gleaming with pearls of dew, that in her
flight
Had dropped from Night's dark raiment, bore
the trace
Of northern charger, and of Syrian barb,
And there, within the mountain shadow,
where
The "Diamond of the Desert" gushes forth
To bless the thirsty pilgrim; where the palms

Sway in the gentle breeze, were crescent
flags,
Fluttering from golden pillars, which arose
From the pavilioned field. Knightly crests
Mingled with Moslem turbans; the white robe
Of the proud Templar, there contrasted with
The brodered garment of the Islam chief;
And ever from the swaying tents, there came
Loud bursts of Moorish music.

'T was the hour
When Chivalry rejoices to send forth
Her bright-browed sons; when noble maid-
ens smile,
And loose the victor's helmet from his head,
Twining amid his locks the conqueror's
wreath.
Silence hath fallen upon the varied crowd.
The dark-eyed tribes of Araby, array
Their columns round the chosen field, where
blood
Must cleanse the knight's fair fame. The
Christian host,
Bearing aloft their lion-banner, tread
Beside the Saracen, and laying by
The guise of foemen, wait the trumpet blast,
That calls the champion of England forth,
To free his blazoned shield, from all that
mars
Its ancient beauty.

The strong, guarded lists
Open their heavy barriers for the clash
Of armor, and the tramp of restless steeds,
Tell that the fiery foes are come.

Tall plumes
Bending above barred helmets, and the mail,
Strong-linked and dancing in the morning
beam,
The plated gauntlet, and the ponderous blade,
Lances in rest, and the proud, warlike forms,
Presage a well-fought field.

The holy priest
Hath shriven them, and they stand to hear
the tones —
The trumpet signal for the charge.

Onward they rush,
With shock of armor, and the splintered
lance,
And bleeding heart of the false traitor, say
That honor hath been won, and vengeance
gained,
By Richard's royal champion. The white
sands
Are drenched with faithless blood, and life
hath fled.
And now, a burst of triumph rises up
That God hath judged so truly. Cymbals
ring,
And the loud shout of the crusading band,
Mingles with the wild Moslem cry of joy.
So, Britain's lion-hearted monarch wrought
His sure revenge on him who cast a slight
On Britain's noble banner.

The free tribes
Of the Arabian desert, ne'er forgot
His name of terror; and the fretful steed
Needed its sound alone to quell his fire.
The mother in her lonely tent, would still
Her crying infant, with the whispered name
Of RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.
(See Illustration.)

HUNGERED, athirst the Saviour sate
Beside the limpid wave,
That even to Samaria
"Our father Jacob" gave.
When she of Sychar with her ewer
Came o'er this noon-parched vale,
And drew her urn of water, pure,
And dripping from the well.

"Give me to drink?" Surprised she turned,
"We are unclean," said she;
"And for the water he would taste,
Doth Israel ask of me?"
Then spake He of those living founts,
Whose power the soul must tell;
Till even the Samaritan knew
The Saviour at the well.

And went and told her brethren; we
The tidings still proclaim,
That every tongue, and every clime,
May know the Saviour's name.
None there — not e'en the apostles knew
The blessing that befel,
The fountain for the Gentiles, that
Was opened at the well.

WISDOM — JOB 28.

BY REV. L. LOVEWELL.

THE world has sought for Wisdom,
To learn her bless'd retreat;
The place where Understanding
With mortals deigns to meet:
Yet where, I ask, ye learned!
Does Wisdom deign to dwell?
Let earth's own treasures answer,
The mighty ocean tell!

Earth's wealth is hush'd in silence,
And answers, "Not in me!"
The same in awful murmurs
Responds the frightened sea.
The gold of Ophir precious,
And crystal jewels rare,
The diamond and the topaz
No price with Wisdom share.

Speak, Fame, high sounding honor; —
Its thousand tongues are still!

Full well it knows its weakness
The reaching mind to fill;
Man, made in God's own image,
Inspired by noblest thought,
Disdains those empty proffers,
His *heart* has never sought.

Attend to Inspiration:
Let sacred Truth declare,
"The fear of God is Wisdom,"
The pearl supremely fair.
The treasure, Understanding,
"Far from all evil lies;"
A gem of worth unequal'd!
A sapphire of the skies!

Then vain our search for Wisdom,
If earth that search confine:
A knowledge more exalted,
Must first the heart refine.
The work is thine, bless'd spirit!
That first this thought inspir'd:
Thou art the sum of Wisdom,
By all the good desired.

The first of useful knowledge
Is God to know and love:
The mind His Truth illumines,
With light that shines above.
Then Heavenly Understanding
Will that of earth refine;
'T will work its precious mission
Till all is made divine!

KENSINGTON, MICH.

THE DYING YEAR.

OLD Year, thou'rt dying now,
And shorter grows thy breath;
But thou art not the only thing,
Touched by the hand of death.

Thou goest not out alone,
But there's a goodly train
That follows through thy open door,
And comes not back again.

And Hope — that joyous bird
Which sung with dulcet tone,
With folded wings, and music hushed,
Sits desolate and lone.

High beating hearts are chilled
And wrapped in changeless gloom;
Oh! many of our dear earth lights,
Go with thee to the tomb.

And yet we mourn thy death,
Thou didst thy Master's will;
To the mourning heart in softened breath
We'll whisper, "Peace be still!"

VETA VERNON.

"SO TIRED!"

"Weary of life? ah, no — but of life's woe;
Weary of its troubles and cares;
Willing to rest — because so well I know
What draughts the hand of passion still pre-
pares!"

"SO tired!"

A little child came panting in from play the other night, and climbing into its mother's lap, lay its head upon her bosom, and uttered those two words. I saw the fond, young mother brush the golden hair from the darling's moist forehead, and press her lips again and again to the flushed cheeks. The shadows of evening were falling fast around us, and the birds had already sung themselves to sleep. Little shoes and stockings were drawn off and laid aside — little weary feet bathed and cooled — a little night-dress took the place of the pretty blue frock and white apron, and the boy was quiet. With a sigh of satisfaction, he nestled closer in her arms; his blue eyes closed, and her cradle-song grew louder and louder, as his breath came longer and more regularly through his parted lips. Happy sleep of childhood! She arose, and went softly to her own room, to lay him in his little crib, and I was left alone. Heaven knows what memory of a time when I, too, was cradled upon a loving breast — when the dead mother, whose face I can not now remember, sung to me in the twilight — come over me as I took up the infant's cry.

"So tired!"

A man of business, a man whose name is a bond on Wall street, why should he lean his head upon his hand, and sigh as the words fall from his lips? Tired of his gay and busy life, of his elegant home, his fair daughters, and fashionable wife? Tired of these, and longing for the little red farm-house up among the hills of his native home, where he used to play, a barefooted, light-hearted boy? Even so, strange as it may seem! Yet not so much for the farm-house, as for the happiness and innocence that staid behind it, and which he can

never hope to find in his dusty office, or splendid home.

"So tired!"

She had been a loving wife, and an indulgent mother. Six strong sons had she reared beside that cottage hearth, but the grave has claimed them all but two, and those the world has taken. The husband of her youth died long ago, and to-day, her sixtieth birthday, she sits alone in the deserted homestead. To her boys she is "the old woman," to their brilliant wives, "a good old thing, but so old-fashioned;" to their homes and their children almost a stranger. Her tears fall, as she thinks of them in the distant city, gay, prosperous, wealthy and happy, yet not remembering her on this day, by even a line, to say: "Dear mother, I love you." This is her reward for years of toil, care, and anxiety. She has outlived her generation, and when she dies, she will barely be missed by those to whom she has given health, and strength, and life itself. Poor, lonely old woman! Well may the bitter tears fall fast — well may you long to die! For this is often the return for love and devotion, that has outwatched the stars, and seen the moon grow pale!

"So tired!"

Yes, turn from the brilliant crowd that listens eagerly for every word you utter, fair songstress, and heed what your heart is saying. Words of fire may fall from your rapid pen — your own wild soul may stamp its impress upon the page before you — the world may place the crown of laurel upon your bowed head, but it will be a diadem of thorns. In the height of triumph, in the fever of success, there will come a sudden pause, and the iron will enter your soul as you remember that one voice is silent, and one face is still, calm, and cold. Fame, wealth, success, oh! what are these to happiness? Vanity — vanity all, and "vexation of spirit," and you bow your head, and weep to think it should be so!

"So tired!"

Oh! little child, not yet released from thy mother's care, it would be better for thee to sleep in the tranquil sleep of death, within the shelter of her arms, than to tread the path which we are treading! There are sharp thorns hidden among the fairest flowers, there are the treacherous quicksands in the sweetest valleys. God help thee, boy, for only a hand from Heaven can lead thee safely there. The golden hair will turn to silver, it may be; and the blue eye will wear an anxious look before the painful journey is half done, and evil shapes will mock and mutter when thy heart faileth thee, and thy steps are faint.

"So tired!"

My boy, cling closer to thy mother's breast. For a day will surely come, when thy lips will utter these self-same words, and she will not be beside thee to hush thee into forgetfulness of all thy trouble. God help thee, then, and lead thee to the only refuge "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

HEALTH OF DAUGHTERS.

MOTHER, is there any thing we can do, to acquire for our daughters a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes repeated, that our sex is becoming more and more effeminate? Are we as capable of enduring hardships as our grandmothers? Are we as well versed in the details of housekeeping, as able to bear them without fatigue, as our mothers? Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They affect the welfare of the community. For the ability or inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society, and the hidden springs of existence.

Tenderly interested as we are for the health of our offspring, let us devote peculiar attention to that of our

daughters. Their delicate frames require more care, in order to become vigorous, and are in more danger through the prevalence of fashion. Frequent and thorough ablutions, a simple and nutritious diet, we should secure for all our children.

But I plead for the little girl, that she may have air and exercise as well as her brother, and that she may not be too much blamed, if in her earnest play, she happen to tear and soil her apron. I plead that she may not be punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoys those active sports, which city gentility prescribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to a piano, till the spinal column which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed; nor bow her over the book, till the vital energy which ought to pervade the whole system, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever. —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

"WHERE IS YOUR BIBLE?"

ALFRED Bell, when the fever for emigrating to California was at its height, did not escape the contagion, and, though not nineteen years old, nothing would do, but he must leave a pleasant home, and a kind mother and little sister, and go to dig for gold in the newly-found state.

After three years he returned, and his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk, Minnie," he said to his little sister. "You see I have but little baggage. That one small trunk has been with me through sunshine and storm."

"Let me unpack it, please, brother," said Minnie; "I will be very careful and not tumble any of your nice clothes;" and taking the key from Alfred's hand, she proceeded to take out carefully one article after another, and put them on one side, until she came to the bottom of the trunk. She paused a moment, and seeming to distrust

herself, she put her hand first upon one article and then upon another; then looking up earnestly in her brother's face, while she still sat on the floor beside his unpacked things, she said:

"Where is your Bible, brother?"

"I have none," he said, quickly.

"No Bible, Alfred?" said Minnie, as she arose and put her hand upon his arm; "no Bible, brother?"

"No, Minnie," he said, a little impatient at her questions. "I left all my books in New York when I started for California; they took up too much room."

"And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?"

"No, Minnie," he answered.

"Whose did you read at night, then, brother?"

"I did not read anybody's, Minnie. Come, don't bother me now. Let us find that pretty fine dress I have for you."

"No; stop for a moment, brother. Have you not read the Bible for three whole years?"

"No, Minnie, I have n't; and I don't know as I have ever seen one since I have been in California."

Minnie stood and looked at him in utter astonishment, while the tears poured down her cheeks. At length, raising her eyes, she said, in a low, earnest voice:

"Oh, brother! were you not afraid that God would forget you?"

What an appeal to the brother's heart! He took the little Minnie in his arms, and kissing her, said:

"I am almost afraid I have been forgetting God, Minnie."

The case of Alfred Bell is not a single one. Think upon it, Christian parents. Many a young man leaves home influences behind when he goes out into the world in search of gold. His Bible is forgotten, his God is forgotten. A mother may have prayed for him earnestly, and placed the holy volume in his trunk with supplications that it may be read daily; but in the earnest pursuit of wealth, prayers and

supplications are often unheeded. Under the influence of irreligious companions, and in the absence of all the ordinances of religion, great is the peril to the immortal soul. Would to God, that to each, and all such wanderers from the right way, would come a gentle admonition as it came to Alfred Bell: "Where is your Bible, brother? Are you not afraid God will forget you?"

The earnest pleading of the little Minnie touched Alfred's heart. That night he opened the sacred volume and read aloud from its pages.

"Pray for me, mother, for I have wandered far from God. I fear he may forget me."

Night after night, the earnest prayer ascended to the throne of grace. The brother was reclaimed from his wanderings, and now lives to be a blessing to his home, a truly Christian man, fearing God, and walking in his commandments.—*American Messenger*.

HOW SHALL WE IMPROVE OUR WINTER EVENINGS?

WE have been moved along, and carried onward and onward by the ever-revolving wheel of time, until we are again brought around to the season, when time seems to glide from us more rapidly than formerly; fleet, indeed, are the days by which the sands of our life are now measured. The king of day merely commences his daily acclimation, ere he is looking upon us from his meridian altitude, whence he is soon seen declining and sinking to rest. But, because he thus hurries from our vision, it does not necessarily follow, that our enjoyments or pleasures are thereby retrenched—our opportunities for improvement and cultivation less frequent. On the contrary, they are rather augmented for our laboring class of community; in particular, to them, this period is one of peculiar interest. The laborous demands of their occupation are less urging;

all the pleasant hours of evening they can have for mental improvement and amusement.

And the condition of society depends very much upon the manner we improve these hours of winter recreation. We have no right to consider them ours for our dissipation, or to squander in idle amusement. We are relatively called to make such a wise use of them, that, ere another spring returns, we shall have made many useful accessions to our mental store-house — acquired thoroughly many new ideas and principles upon which to practice, when another spring shall call us forth to more active duties.

There no longer exists any plausible excuse for the ignorant to continue in their ignorance, or for the rising generation to plod on in the footsteps of their ancestors. All who will, can, in a measure, avail themselves of the various means and sources of attaining knowledge, in which this favored and enlightened land of ours abounds.

We must also consider the present an age of velocity, as well as improvements and advantages. We pass not tardily along the path of life, but flit swiftly on, and if we would accomplish ought, or render ourselves of any account in the great drama of life, we must be astir. We must keep pace with the age in which we live, if we would possess the influence in society, which we all should strive to attain. It therefore behooves us to employ every moment in the best possible manner; for, to become highly useful, we must be familiar with our country, its governments, politics, general aspects, and condition; be conversant with details, both foreign and domestic; be well read in history, art, and science; not be ignorant of the principles, characters, and capabilities of our leading men of state; be thoroughly acquainted with our own particular branch of occupation; and, finally, be well posted in all the general topics and improvements of the day.

There are few of us but could thus become versed in all that more particularly concerns our own avocations of life. We have ready access to well-stored libraries, treating upon every possible branch of literature, able lectures upon arts and sciences, and, in fine, almost every facility for improvement lies within our grasp.

And what pleasant seasons of improvement will these winter evenings afford us! how many volumes of useful and practical knowledge we can peruse. And where shall we find a scene upon which the mind loves longer to dwell, or around which angels delight to hover, than is presented by a happy family group, assembled around the cheerful hearthstone, intent upon gaining such wisdom and knowledge as shall render them useful in the future. We think we can already see erected around such a *home circle*, an invulnerable barrier against the invasions of the deluding and dissipated, with which our youth are so sorely beset.

Thus employed, the young and unsuspecting, instead of being cast out amid all the temptations of life, to baffle and struggle alone and unassisted, or sink exhausted and enfeebled into some current of vice, blasting forever the hopes of their future usefulness, are acquiring firmness and strength of principle to contend successfully with the willful betrayers. Without doubt, every parent wishes his children to become useful members of society; but this depends in a great measure upon the home influence with which they are surrounded; the manner in which their winter evenings are spent. Home must be rendered cheerful and attractive by the bright and happy countenances of the parents, and by all those petty kindnesses which the true parent knows so well how to bestow. Home must possess charms which other scenes and places fail to afford them. Having secured them this, we can enter readily and successfully upon their mental culture, being mindful

that our examples keep pace with the precepts taught, otherwise our labors will be idly repaid; for children are shrewd observers, and readily detect the least inconsistencies. If we should thus employ our leisure hours during this winter, how much useful knowledge we might acquire ourselves, as well as impart to others. Besides, what a moral revolution would be manifested in community ere another spring. Let us therefore, one and all, try the experiment. S. E. W.

CHILDLESS.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

UNCOVER your heads, ye light-hearted ones, and let your merry laugh die away in the presence of the grief-smitten — before those whom the pale Hand has written "Childless." There is no hopelessness so bitter, no sorrow so deep and inconsolable, as is summed up in that one word — childless.

The memory of the babe in its helpless beauty, with its innocent bewildered look, its dimpling, smiling lips — and then, in after days, the little pattering, dancing feet, and their wondrous music, the overflowing of joy in the ringing laugh, and the soft white arms, which, in their embrace folded out every remembrance of care, every thought of weariness, and strengthened the spirit for worldly toil. This is all that is left of its childhood. How they cherished, hoarded, and counted, as their dearest treasure, every witching grace, every wise saying, every winning look, and hid them away as the most sacred of all the gleanings they had gathered of earthly pleasure. Youth, and its gleaming hopes, its vaulting ambition, which never dreams of failure, comes to win the parents' hearts back to their own spring-time, and they sun their spirits in the warm, young life of their beloved.

The shadow falls. Hands folded over a cold, still heart — the shroud, the coffin, the pall, and the heaped-rounded turf — tearless agony — a

longing look backward, and a hopeless gaze into the dark, lonely future, is all that is left them this side of the waves of the "Dark River."

Be thoughtful, be gentle, be loving to the bereaved, and forget not that thine own search for happiness may be one continued looking back; that thine own life's evening may be unblest by love; that thou too mayst be childless.

WORTH FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

"A THOUGHTFUL wife" — "she saved him fifteen hundred dollars" — "such a wife is a priceless treasure!"

Thus discourses one of the public educators of the age — a newspaper.

Is it when thought is transmuted into gold — when it takes the form of round dollars, that it is priceless, Mr. Journal? *Such* is the wife you appreciate! Such qualities in a wife, are the "priceless" ones! No; yourself has fixed their value — fifteen hundred dollars!

Now consider, if you can, your wife's unceasing thought for you — an unnoted consciousness which, all day long, during your absence, dwells like the breath of life in her heart, modifying all her feelings, and prompting every act of her daily life — what is this worth? Fifteen hundred dollars? think of it. See the smile irradiating her lips as she thinks, while preparing the wholesome food, "This is just as Jemmy likes it!" See the table furniture arranged so as to harmonize with your ideality, the fireside brightened as you like to have it, her dress adjusted according to your expressed liking! See the children trained by thought, word, and deed, to honor you. *She* teaches them with eye of love, and heart glowing with joy, the words of affection, the sentences of endearment, with which your arrival is greeted! fixing in their minds precious associations of papa with all that is good, noble, and lovely! Is nothing "thoughtful," nothing "priceless"

in all this? Is this worth less than fifteen hundred dollars? Yet, you never speak of this — never acknowledge it! Is it, like the vulgar air, so common as to be valueless?

Man! you are not the mercenary being this proves you. You are only thoughtless; but much mischief, much anguish is caused by your thoughtlessness — I had almost said, your *criminal* thoughtlessness. Should your wife give you fifteen hundred dollars, how you would smile! how you would love her! You would not hurry from her presence without a kind look or word of cheer; you would not be so parsimonious of those endearing tones which throw sunshine over the cloudiest day. Man! do you ever think with what beautiful colors such tones and looks clothe all that is rough and dreary? with what a halo of glory they invest the routine toil of life? how easy they make the most irksome duties? Be no longer penurious of love.

Giving you, as she constantly does, from the invaluable treasures of her soul, riches that gold can not buy, wealth which you feel transcends the whole of earth, will you not acknowledge it by bestowing these tokens of regard which are, to her real life, as the sunlight to vegetation? Let the bestowment of them be free and frequent. Loose yourself from that high tension; slacken that perpetual strain; or, rather, come up from the chaos of clashing interests which engulf you in your mere business affairs. Be a man! such a man as such a woman deserves. Then she will be happy; and you can not fix her value at fifteen hundred dollars. The world is not rich enough to buy her. Let her know how you value her. Let her enjoy your appreciation; allow it to smooth her pathway, and beautify the atmosphere of domestic life.

Man! become worthy of your wife.
—*Life Illustrated*.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A purse which does not possess the clasp of discretion.

ADVICE FROM AN OLD INHABITANT.

PATRONIZE your own traders and mechanics. This is doing as you would have others do to you, and is building up the town you live in.

2. Pay your debts, that other people may pay theirs.

3. Quarrel with no man, and then no man will quarrel with you.

4. Send your children constantly to school, and look in now and then yourself to see how they are doing there.

5. Keep all neat and clean about your dwelling; for cleanliness, you know, is the handmaid of health, and a distant cousin of wealth.

6. Avoid scandal; for this is a pest of any community.

7. Be liberal in respect to every laudable enterprise; for the good Book says, "The liberal shall be made fat."

8. Visit the sick, the widow, and the fatherless; for this is one part of that religion which is pure and undefiled.

9. Keep your children in at night; for the evening air is bad for them; and, finally:

10. Feed your mind as well as your body; for that, you know, must go into the scale at last.

"THERE is no other country in the world," says a cotemporary, "where the people are so much addicted to the medicine-eating propensity, as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania — a disease of itself. The fact is, nature never designed the human body to be a receptacle of medicine. If men would but study the laws of nature, diet properly, instead of excessively, be regular in their habits, instead of regular in their doses, use common sense and cold water freely, and the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

VARIOUS OPINIONS ABOUT FOOD.

WE have examined the Cook Book, recently issued by Mrs. Horace Mann, and entitled "Health and Economy in Cooking," or "Christianity in the Kitchen." There is no doubt that we need a reform in our modes of cooking, more than most other civilized people, and we welcome with pleasure any thing that looks in that direction. Very much is said on this topic of late, and, we fancy, very little is done. It is so much easier to supply a table in the way we have been accustomed to do, and, that we consequently understand, than to learn new methods, that most of us are too indolent to make any change, and perhaps will not allow ourselves to acknowledge, that the old method was wrong for that very reason. Here is a fragment we cut from an exchange, that shows at least one person's opinion on one branch of this subject; viz., *waste in household economy*:

"The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* has a few excellent suggestions on the waste of food in American kitchens, which contains more truth than poetry. It says: 'That conspicuous among the things in which they beat all creation, is the manner in which the American people waste their food. The waste of an American kitchen would feed a French family of equal size, and equal station in life. Laboring men throw away in extravagant superfluity the means of making old age independent and comfortable, and men of larger incomes waste in proportion. At the present prices, about eighty cents a week, judiciously expended, will supply a strong laboring man with a sufficiency of wholesome and palatable food; such as Indian meal, pork, beans, salt fish, and meat-soup, which, properly varied and properly cooked, are good enough for anybody in these hard times.'

But then there are some people who declare that beans are unhealthy, and that pork is not proper food for sedentary people, while others, and some of them among the poorest and most needy, look with the most princely contempt upon the use of salt fish and Indian meal. With regard to one of

these articles, Mrs. Mann says: "The subject of oleaginous food leads inevitably to the consideration of pork as an article of diet. The genius of man appears to have discovered, at last, the true end for which that much maligned, and also much vaunted animal, was created; viz., that of *enlightening* the world, (not *feeding* it.) As we profess to be guided by science in this matter, however, we are forced to listen again to Dr. Griscom, who says, that if pork could be well fed and trained, it would be very useful food in cases of tuberculous consumption, so common in crowded cities, where people can not have the requisite quantity of oxygen, without taking extraordinary measures to obtain it. To be well fed and trained, pork must have good corn and potatoes to eat, milk when possible, plenty of space for healthful exercise, living waters to bathe in, and clean straw, high and dry, to sleep upon. As meat is universally conceded to be a product of the food digested by the animal, we can imagine even pork to be legitimate food when so prepared, and we would commend it to the benevolent speculators to found piggeries of this unquestionable character.

"The most refined taste, or stomach, perhaps, would not revolt from partaking of a roasted sucking pig taken from such surroundings. It has been asserted that even the grown animal has a natural love of cleanliness, but being near-sighted, and left to its own resources in a false state of society, (false to pigship, which, in a natural state, roams through the forest and feeds upon nuts,) it can not afford to be particular about its food, and having a natural propensity to bathe, feels constrained to bathe in unclean water, if it can not find that which is limpid."

Here is something more on that same subject, which we may as well give, now that it has been broached. C. M. Clay writes thus to the *Ohio Farmer* about the Jews and hogs:

"It was no doubt a good law among the Jews, preventing the eating of hog-flesh. Because Judea is a warm climate, and highly

concentrated food is there to be avoided *now*, as well as then. Beef and fruits, and what may be called diluted food, is much better there. But, I imagine, it would be as poor policy for the Iclander to venture to live on bananas and plantains, as for the Indians of Central America to attempt raw walrus meat for a dessert! Again, the Jews were eminently impulsive, and under the influence of the passions and appetites, and it was not safe to allow them any latitude on so good a dish as good ham, or stewed pig's head!

"I am willing to admit, that swine's flesh is not a good dish for a surfeit; but moderately used, as all the good things of a good Providence ought to be, is not more unhealthy than other flesh. Indeed, I regard *salt* pork as one of the most healthy of all meats, as experience in the army and navy, and in the fishing service every day proves. But be all this as it may, the question of eating pork is a settled question, beyond the recall of Jew or Gentile, and all will eat it who can — get it.

"A word, however, about the 'diseased livers' of hogs! A hog is omnivorous, and delights especially in roots, and buried nuts, and in worms, and grubs. Our would-be 'scientific' farmers and philosophers who never farm, put the hog where all his natural habits are ignored, without proper food or exercise, and then if grunter follows the law of nature's penalties, he is decried and slandered as being under the curse of God — when it is only the curse of foolish man! A word, then, on fattening.

"In fattening hogs, then, we must try and approximate his natural habits. Keep him clean — yes, sir, *clean*; or allow him, and he will keep himself clean. Shelter him, bed him with leaves if possible, feed him regularly, plentifully, and with great *variety* — any thing edible you have — corn, wheat, potatoes, apples, nuts; he'll eat any thing that any *clean animal* will eat: tobacco he won't eat, *of course*!

"When hogs are penned and fed, they begin to root in a most unusual manner. 'They won't thrive,' says Nincum, 'they're eating dirt.' Not at all; they are hunting worms for the love of them, and rotten wood, to correct the acid from great meals on corn only. Give them, in addition to salt

and ashes always by them, occasional messes of flesh — any refuse meat will do. Give them also continually charcoal, or the scoria from blacksmiths' furnaces. Fifty hogs will eat two cart loads of scoria or coal in fattening! Pumpkins are also very fine for hogs in promoting health, as well as laying on flesh, when as much corn as they will eat is also added."

This is more perhaps than is quite relevant here, but then it is all worth thinking about. These opinions are in pretty direct opposition to the asseveration of the inspired (?) Mrs. Hatch, who declared recently that the cause of tuberculous consumption, was the eating of pork. "The Jews never died of consumption!" On the other hand, we heard the statement of one of the medical fraternity not long since that brains were nothing but phosphorized fat! Ergo, no fat, no brains, and this was given as the reason why the vegetable-eating nations were always so easily overpowered by the beef-eating ones. This latter part of the argument is not new at all; but as for the phosphorized fat for brains — why, people can feed their own brains in whatever way they choose, but for ourselves, we never intend to supply the waste in our own mental machinery from the contents of the pork barrel.

Another topic, which for the last two years has excited no little attention touching the good and evil of our food, is the poisonous nature of *saleratus*. An exchange is responsible for the following — "To *Saleratus Eaters*:"

"At a late convention of dentists, it was asserted that the main, if not the sole cause of the great increase of defective teeth, was the use of *saleratus* and cream of tartar in the manufacture of bread; and Dr. Baker fully agreed with the facts offered in proof, adding the results of some experiments made by himself. He soaked sound teeth in a solution of *saleratus*, and they were destroyed in fourteen days. We here have the opinion of men, whose talents, time, and zeal, are given to dentistry, that *saleratus* and cream of tartar in bread are a chief cause of ruin to teeth. Nor will those who know this fact go eating all that comes in their way without inquiring what it is made of."

On this subject Mrs. Mann says: "No.

one would think of eating raw potash — a substance that dissolves metal — but we do not hesitate to eat saleratus, which is but a modified preparation of it, and has the same, though a more gradual effect on the organic tissue and the blood. Soda, it is well understood, rots cloth, and takes skin from the hands when it is put into soap, or even when used to 'break hard water,' as the washer-woman terms it; yet we put it into bread and cakes. Our stomachs were not made to digest metals, and when we powder them to eat them, we try to cheat nature." On this point *Life Illustrated*, whose conductors are exponents of the ethereal style of living, comes down upon Mrs. Mann, asserting that she has only brought Christianity to the door of the kitchen, and saying that if she takes this ground against saleratus and soda, she should also veto common salt, which is a mineral.

Mrs. Mann quotes Dr. Griscom, who says that he has "the *highest respect* for butter eaten in its natural state." Here again she rouses the voters for vegetable diet, who believe there can be no Christianity in a kitchen where meat and butter are eaten. And, on the other hand, she alarms the cooks of the old *regime*, by the assertion that "the mixture of oleaginous materials, like butter and lard, with wheat, is absolutely pernicious and unphysiological." Alas, for the pie-crust and soda biscuit, to which some of us are so addicted! On this point she again quotes Dr. Griscom: "Pie-crust, and other shortened articles of food, are almost wholly indigestible by many stomachs, and remain a long time in the stomach, producing eructations, and other dyspeptic symptoms. The gluten of flour, and the oil of lard, with which pastry is often shortened, are incompatible substances, incapable of forming a chemical compound, and require different elements of the gastric power to convert them into chyme, while their ultimate mechanical incorporation renders both inaccessible to the dissolving power of the gastric juice, to which either alone readily yields. Hence their long continuance in an undigested form, when mixed. The gastric juice will dispose of oils if they are not melted, and oils are sometimes positively beneficial, but never in combination with grains."

But as a result of this chemical investigation, Mrs. Mann does not decide that we shall go entirely without biscuit and pastry. She proposes the use of cream in the place of butter or lard, as "a more innocent article than cream, or one more digestible and nutritive in cookery, can hardly be mentioned." Of course, if we are denied the use of soda and saleratus, we must use sweet cream. Where shall we get it? To those of us who live in crowded cities, and buy a sixpence worth of chalky water out of a pint cup, from the milk-man every morning, this is a dubious question. Indeed, there are many of us who can not remember whether we ever saw a table-spoonful of sweet cream in our whole lives. To be sure there is something that passes under this name that can sometimes be had at an extravagant price, but we think the pie-crust that was shortened with it would be very short of shortening. In this dilemma it is proposed that people should throw aside some of their finery, or even some of the so-called necessities of life, and keep a cow. Yes, we are quite ready to comply. Where shall we stable her? On the roof? or in the china closet?

As another resource, Mrs. Mann recommends the use of solidified milk, upon which she says cream will rise as readily as upon that newly milked. We shall give some of the recipes from this book in the proper place, for they are excellent where they are possible.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

OPIATES.—This class of medicines, so often kept in the nursery, in the forms of laudanum, syrup of white poppies, paregoric elixir, Davis' powder, Dally's carminative, and Godfrey's Cordial. The object with which they are generally taken, is to allay pain by producing sleep, or perhaps much more frequently to allay the crying of a fretful child. They are, therefore, *remedies of great convenience* to the nurse; and so exhibited they are too often fatal.

In the hands of the physician, there is no medicine the administration of which requires greater caution and judgment than opiates, both from the susceptibility of

infants to their narcotic influence, and their varying capability of enduring them. The danger, therefore, with which their use is fraught, should forever exclude them from the list of nursery medicines.

It is calculated that *three-fourths* of all the deaths that take place from opium, occur in children under five years of age. The amount which will sometimes cause death is very small; a fact most important to remember, and of itself a powerful argument against its use in any form by unprofessional persons. Dr. Kelso met with an instance where a child nine months old was killed in nine hours by four drops of laudanum. A case is mentioned in a late number of the *Medical Gazette*, in which two drops killed an infant; and another is reported in the *Lancet* for February, 1852, of a child two days old, killed by a dose of a mixture containing only one drop and a half of laudanum. * * *

Paregoric elixir has occasionally been given with fatal effects. A child between five or six years old had some cough medicine prescribed for it at a chemist's, the principal ingredient of which was paregoric, and it died poisoned. Another authentic case is reported where a child seven months old was killed by the use of a teaspoonful. * * * Convulsions and epilepsy, without such fatal effects as the foregoing, are not uncommon as the effect of a single dose of an opiate given unadvisedly; and by their continued use a low, irritated, febrile state is produced gradually followed by loss of flesh; the countenance becoming pallid, sallow, and sunken; the eyes red, and swollen; the expression stupid and heavy; and the powers of the constitution at last becoming completely undermined. Such an object is to be seen daily among the poorer classes, the miniature of a sickly aged person. Death soon follows.—*Bull's Maternal Management*.

RECIPES.

MUFFINS.—Warm a quart of new milk, and stir two cups of rich cream; add four

eggs well beaten, a table-spoonful of salt, a cup of yeast, or a table-spoonful of well-soaked dry yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; beat it well with a spoon, and let it rise for six hours. Fill the muffin rings half full of the mixture, and bake them about twenty minutes.

WAFFLES.—Add to a quart of milk a cup of rich cream, a little salt, four well-beaten eggs, and flour enough to make a thin batter; heat and rub the irons well with salt; fill them, and bake them very quickly. Grate sugar over them, and eat them with cream, or with butter, *when they are not too hot to melt it*.

CREAM BISCUIT.—A pint bowl full of light dough that has been made wholly with milk, with the addition of a small tea-cupful of cream and a fresh egg, will make a very nice dish of biscuits. These ingredients must be thoroughly kneaded together; then rolled out to an inch in thickness, and cut with the top of a tumbler or a cake cutter. Place them on a tin sheet, and let them rise in a moderately warm place; when well risen they will bake in twelve or fifteen minutes in a quick oven or baker. Care must be taken not to bake them too long. This mixture may be made into buns by adding brown sugar and essence of lemon.

EUGENIE'S PUDDING.—Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three cups of rich cream, three cups of apples and raisins, five eggs, and the juice of a lemon. Put it into a mold, and boil it three hours. Serve it with cream sauce.

A RACHEL PUDDING.—Line a dish with slices of bread wet with cream; slice apples very thin; (save the parings and cores of apples for jelly;) sprinkle them with sugar; flavor them with any thing agreeable to taste; put in alternate layers of thin bread and apple, and reserve some bread that will fill the top of the dish. Set a plate upon the top to keep it well pressed, and when it is nearly done, take off the plate that it may brown on the top. (Very nice.)—*Mrs. Mann's Health and Economy in the Kitchen*.